

STEVE CHALKER & GARY SMITH'S

# ANDROID in KANSAS

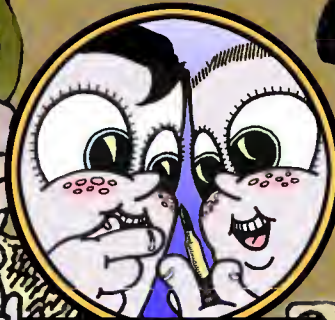
DEMOLITION  
KITCHEN  
PUBLICATION

WHAT DO YOU WANT  
TO BE WHEN YOU  
GROW UP SON?

AN  
ANDROID.



FEATURING:  
**ROD RAM**



THE  
**HUSKY BOYS**

THE CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY  
COLLEGE NEWSPAPER STRIP RETURNS

AS MUCH OF A COMPLETE COLLECTION AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET!



STEVE CHALKER & GARY SMITH'S

# ANDROID IN KANSAS

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**ORIGINAL ARTWORK** - STEVE CHALKER

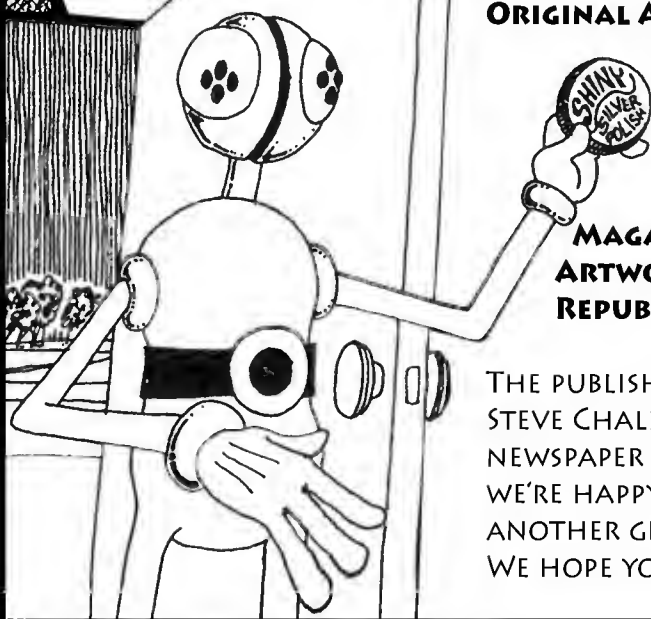
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THE PUBLISHER OF THIS MAGAZINE WOULD LIKE TO THANK  
STEVE CHALKER AND GARY SMITH FOR BRINGING THE ORIGINAL  
NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIP TO LIFE. IT'S A WONDERFUL SERIES, AND  
WE'RE HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO BRING CHALKER'S ARTWORK TO  
ANOTHER GENERATION AND A NEW AUDIENCE.  
WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS MAGAZINE.



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down...

YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN  
IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'LL HAVE TWO EGGS  
OVER EASY WITH HASH  
BROWNS---AND SOME  
HOT BLACK COFFEE.

NO, ACTUALLY I'M AN ANDROID  
IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.

by: Kilgore Trout &  
Austin Healey

WHAT ARE YOU IN  
SEARCH OF?

YOU WANT  
YOUR COFFEE  
NOW?

PLEASE.

----A SHINY SPHERE ABOUT  
THE SIZE OF A GRAPEFRUIT.

A SHINY SPHERE, EH?

YES.

THIS GUY GIVES  
ME THE CREEPS.

I MUST BE VERY  
CAREFUL TO ACT  
LIKE A HUMAN  
SO NO ONE WILL  
BE FRIGHTENED  
OF ME.

MMM YEAH. THAT HITS THE SPOT!  
NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN  
GUZZLIN' DOWN A HOT CUP OF  
BLACK COFFEE IN THE MORNING.

SO THAT'S HOW  
IT'S DONE.

YEAH, ME TOO.

MMM YEAH. THAT  
HITS THE SPOT!

HEY! WAIT UP! I HEARD YOU SAY  
YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING  
THE SIZE OF GRAPEFRUITS.

THAT IS  
CORRECT.

I THINK I MAY  
BE ABLE TO  
HELP YOU.

WELL, WHAT I  
HAD IN MIND,  
WAS A SHINY  
SPHERE THAT  
I CREATED  
SEVERAL YEARS  
AGO AS AN  
ENERGY SOURCE.

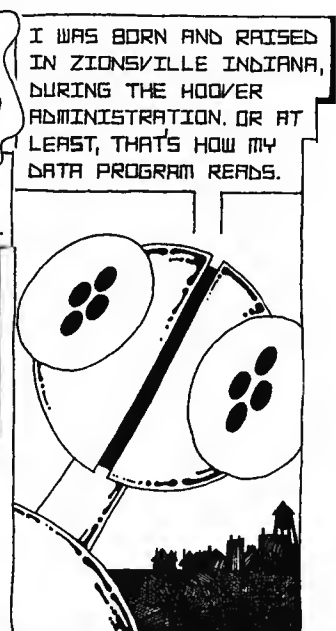
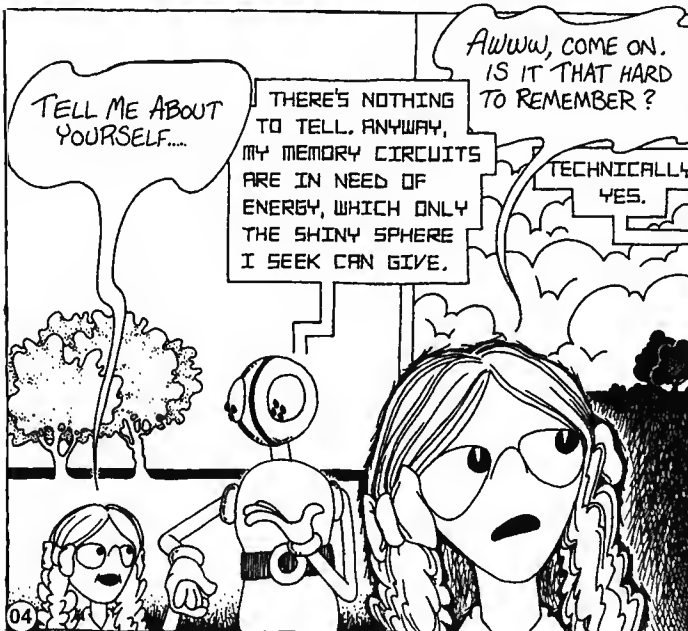
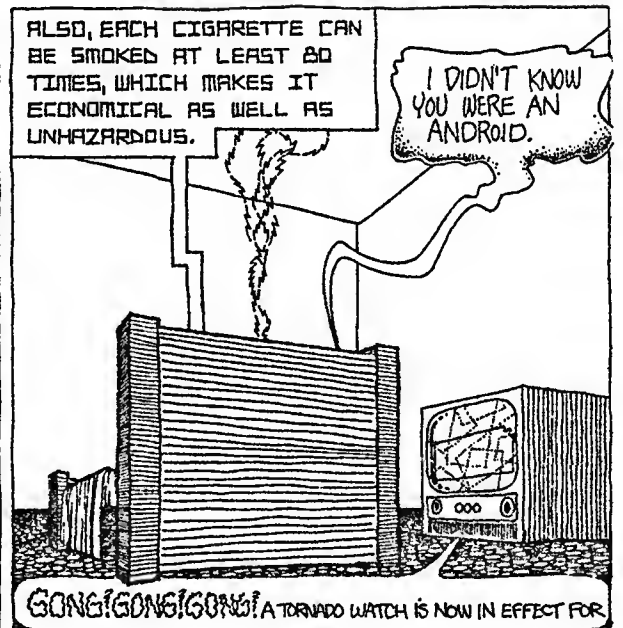
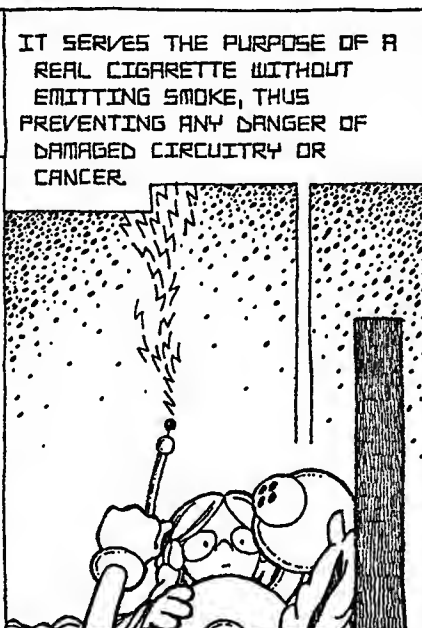
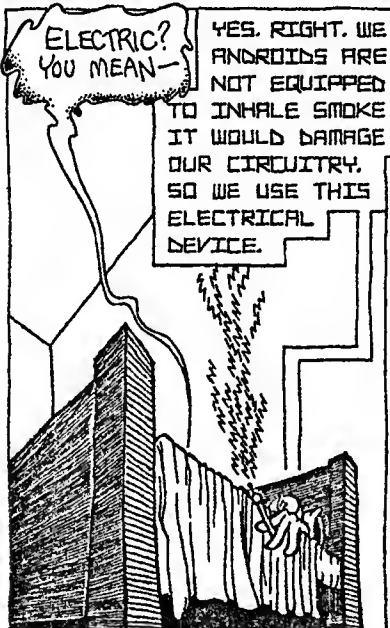
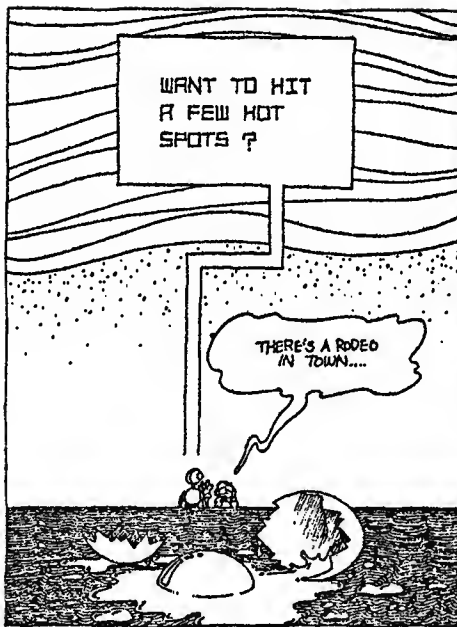
IS THIS IT?  
I FOUND IT IN  
THE BARN.

MY SPHERE!!  
GIVE IT TO  
ME QUICK!!

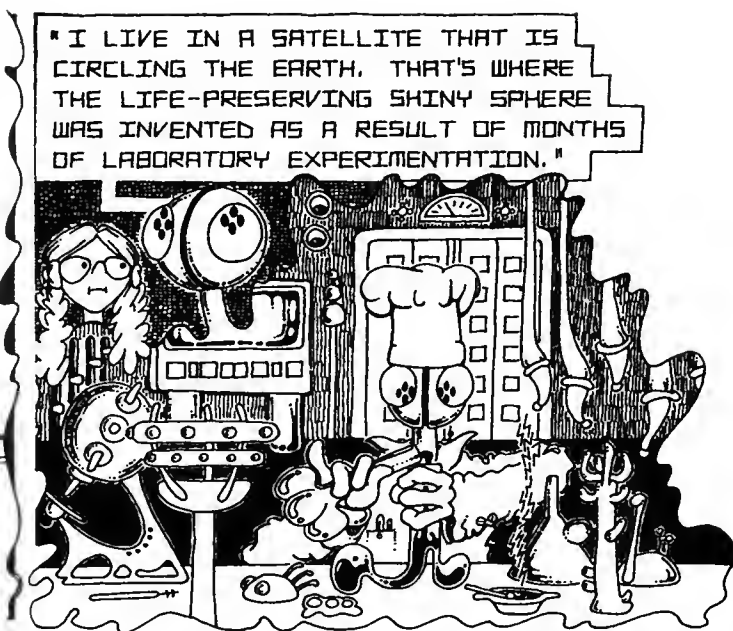
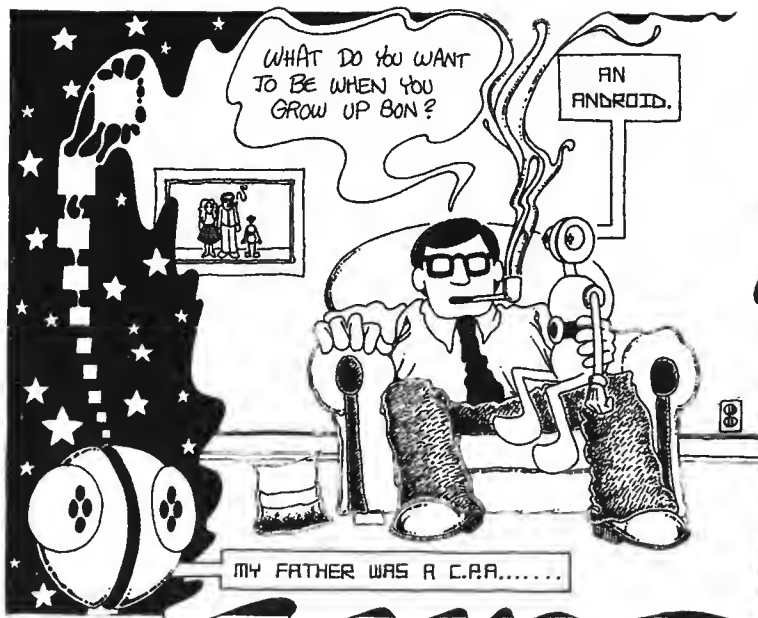
WITHOUT ITS RADIATION, I'LL  
DIE! BESIDES, IT WOULD BE  
DANGEROUS IN THE HANDS OF  
AN UNKNOWN HUMAN, BECAUSE-

-WHOOO-

**PLOK!**



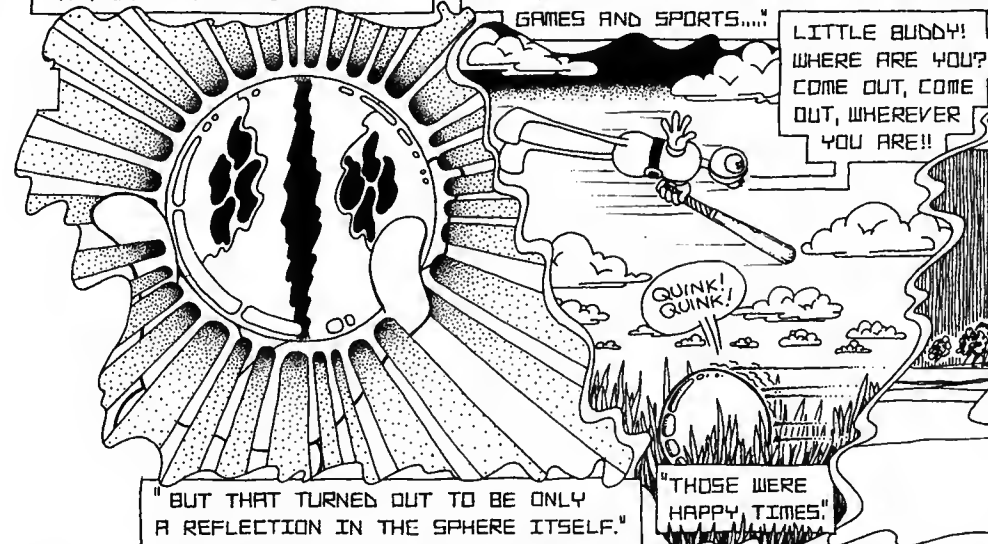




"WHEN THE SPHERE WAS FIRST CREATED, I WAS SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT IT BORE MY OWN IMAGE...."

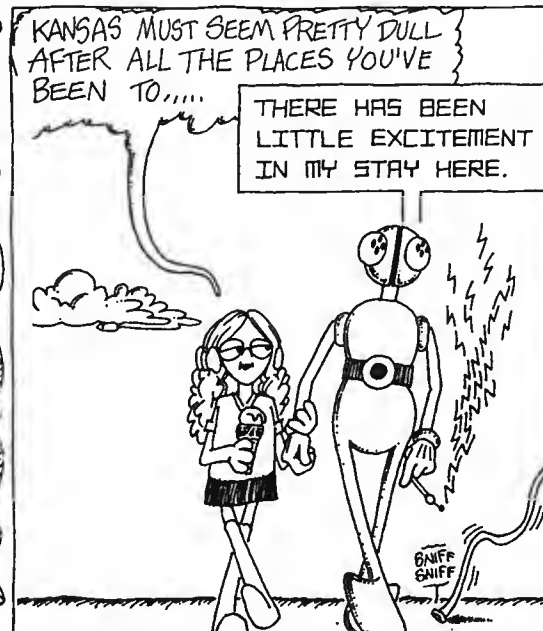
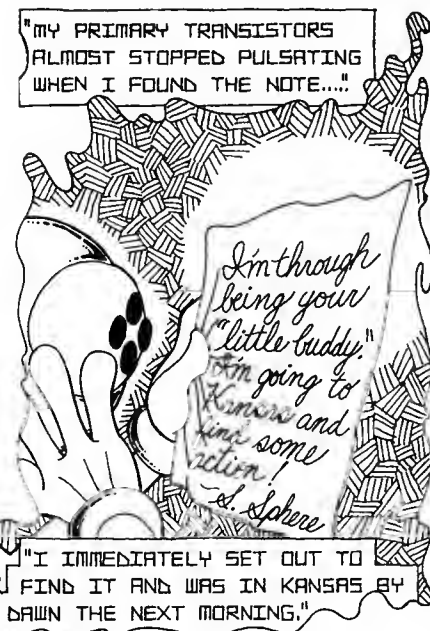
"IT WAS MY CONSTANT COMPANION! WE WORKED AND PLAYED TOGETHER DAILY. THE SHINY SPHERE AND I HAD OUR OWN ASSORTMENT OF UNIQUE GAMES AND SPORTS...."

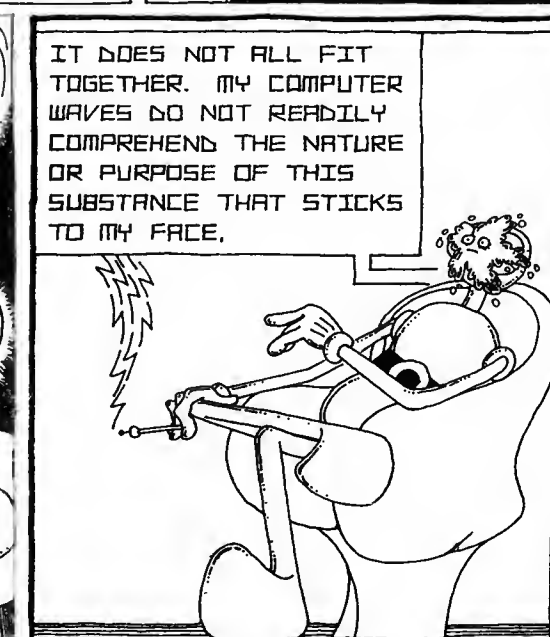
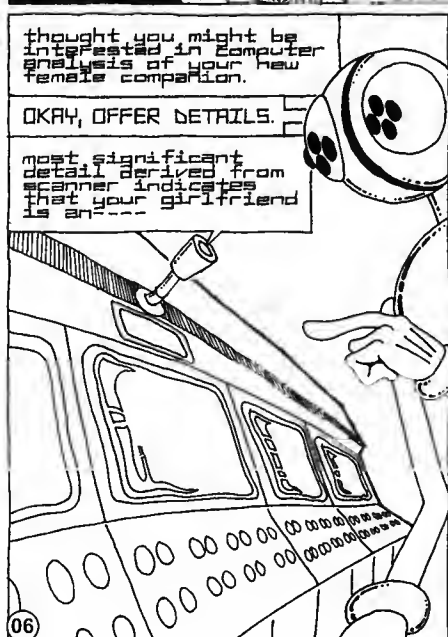
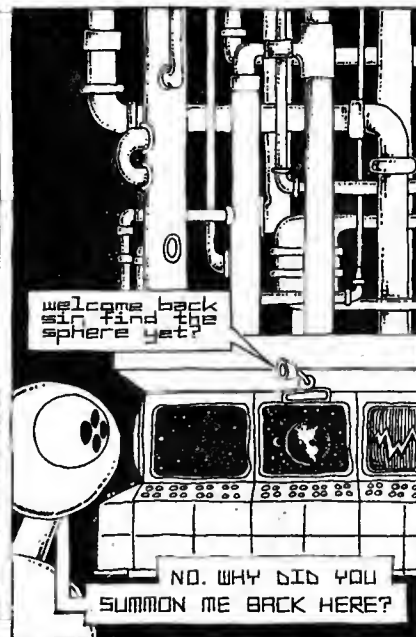
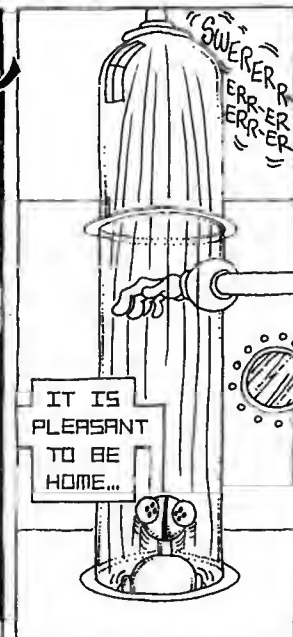
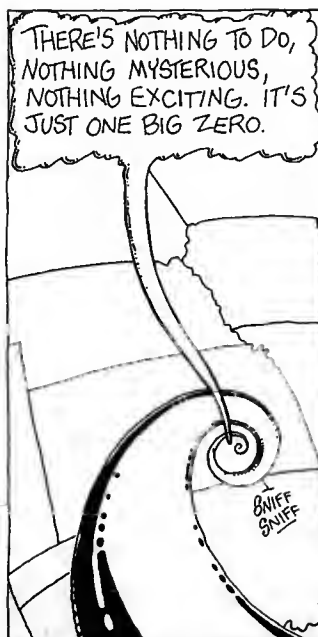
"THEN ONE DAY, AS I RETURNED FROM AN ERRAND...."



"LITTLE BUDDY! WHERE ARE YOU? COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!!"

"LITTLE BUDDY! WHERE ARE YOU? COME OUT AND SEE WHAT I BROUGHT YOU!"

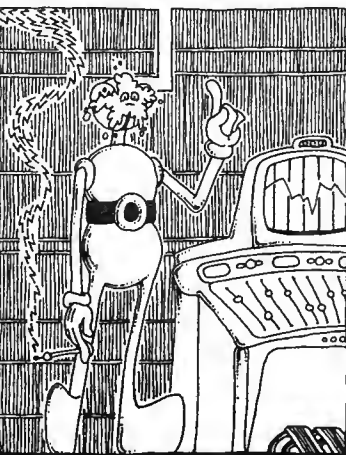




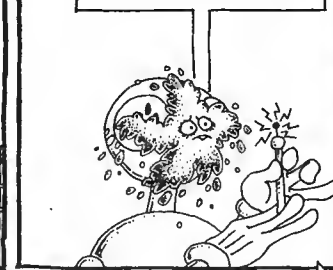
FROM VENUS! FROM VENUS!  
COME TO DO! MUCH TO DO!  
NEED SATELLITE! LIVE HERE!  
REST! HIJACK SATELLITE  
NOW! REST LATER! REMOVE  
ANDROID! GO NOW QUICKLY!  
ANDROID GO!



SO! THE PURPOSE IS  
REALIZED! I AM SORRY  
LITTLE VENUSIAN, BUT I  
NEED MY SATELLITE, AND  
FEEL ENTITLED TO IT.



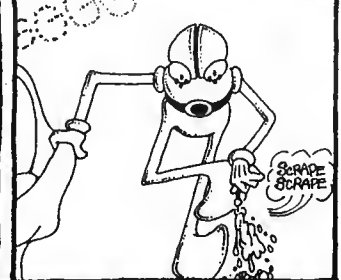
IN OTHER WORDS



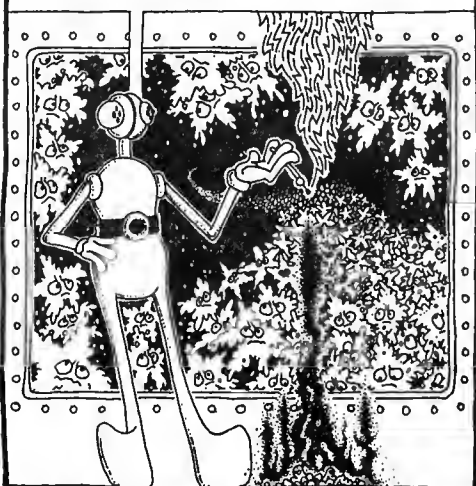
-YOU MUST BE  
CONQUERED-



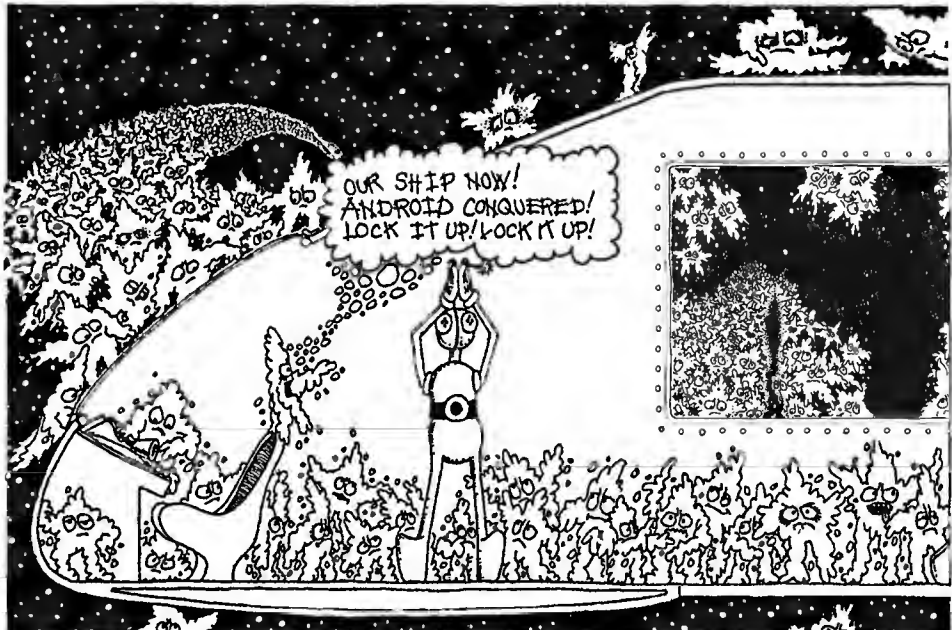
-LITTLE ENEMY.



TOO BAD I AM NOT EQUIPPED WITH  
AN EGO, OR I WOULD COMMEND MYSELF  
ON THE COOL, SUAVE MANNER BY  
WHICH I DISPOSED OF MY PATHETIC  
LITTLE NEMESIS.



OUR SHIP NOW!  
ANDROID CONQUERED!  
LOCK IT UP! LOCK IT UP!

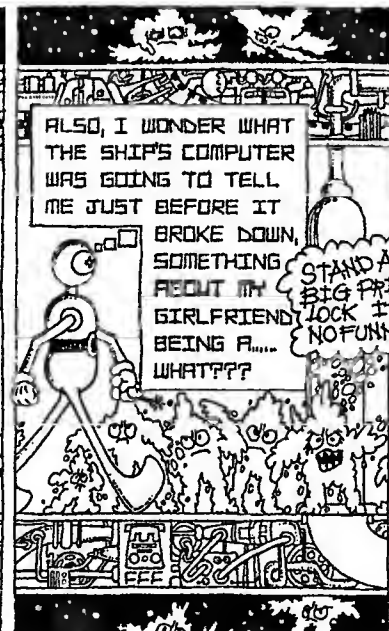


COME ANDROID!  
PRISONER NOW!  
NO FUNNY BUSINESS!  
OUR SHIP NOW!

IF I WERENT SO WEAK  
FROM LACK OF EXPOS-  
URE TO THE SHINY  
SPHERE'S RADIATION,  
ID MAKE MY ESCAPE.



ALSO, I WONDER WHAT  
THE SHIP'S COMPUTER  
WAS GOING TO TELL  
ME JUST BEFORE IT  
BROKE DOWN,  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT MY  
GIRLFRIEND,  
BEING A....  
WHAT???



WHERE ARE THESE  
VENUSIANS  
TAKING ME?



OH NO. NOT  
THE BROOM  
CLOSET.



STAND ASIDE!  
BIG PRISONER!  
LOCK IT UP!  
NO FUNNY STUFF!

WAKEWAY!  
LOCK IT UP!  
STAND ASIDE!  
DANGEROUS!  
NO FUNNY STUFF!

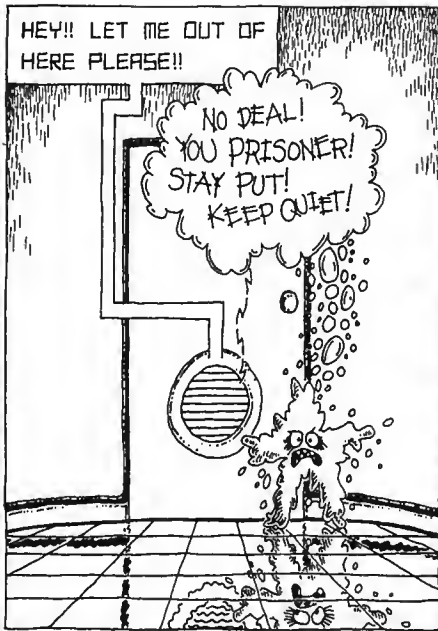
BIG PRISONER!  
STAND ASIDE!  
BROOM CLOSET!  
LOCK IT UP!  
BROOM CLOSET!



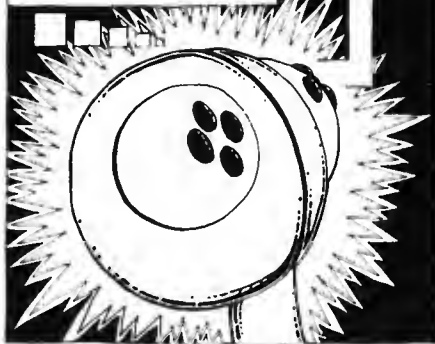


HEY!! LET ME OUT OF  
HERE PLEASE!!

NO DEAL!  
YOU PRISONER!  
STAY PUT!  
KEEP QUIET!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE AND GET  
THESE VENUSIANS  
OFF MY SHIP SO I  
CAN GET BACK TO  
KANSAS AND FIND  
THE SHINY SPHERE.

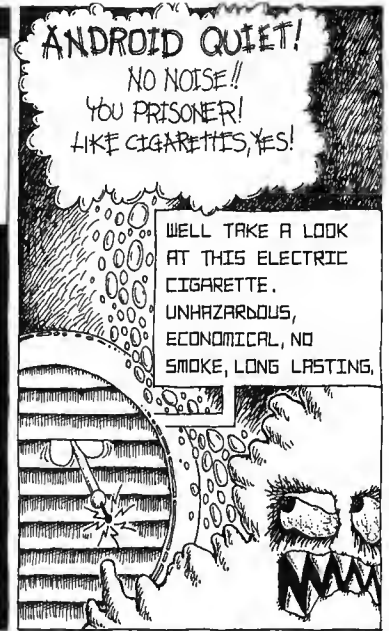


HEY GUARD!!  
DO YOU  
LIKE  
CIGARETTES  
??

ANDROID QUIET!

NO NOISE!!  
YOU PRISONER!  
LIKE CIGARETTES, YES!

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS ELECTRIC  
CIGARETTE.  
UNHAZARDOUS,  
ECONOMICAL, NO  
SMOKE, LONG LASTING.



LOOK, LITTLE BUDDY. IT'S YOURS.  
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LET ME  
OUT OF HERE FOR A SHORT TIME.

IT IS FOR A  
GOOD CAUSE.



by: Capt. Menshevik & Daddy Jack McClanahan

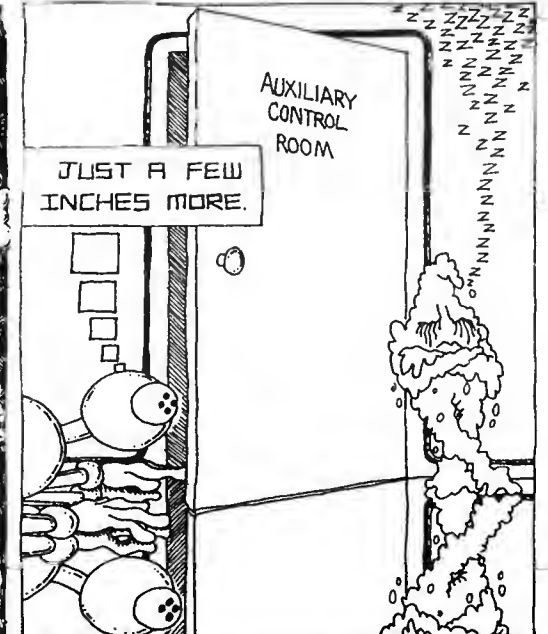
AND SO...

THE PRICE  
OF FREEDOM.

REAL MILD!  
SMOOTH TASTE!  
LOW TAR!

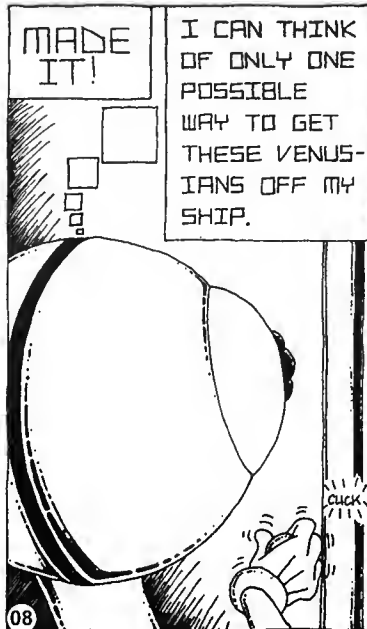


JUST A FEW  
INCHES MORE.



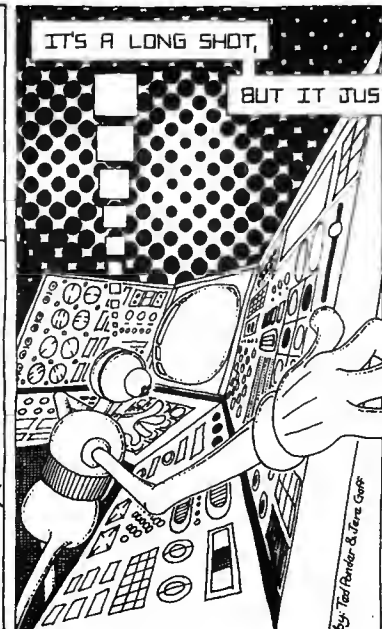
MADE  
IT!

I CAN THINK  
OF ONLY ONE  
POSSIBLE  
WAY TO GET  
THESE VENUSI-  
ANS OFF MY  
SHIP.



IT'S A LONG SHOT,

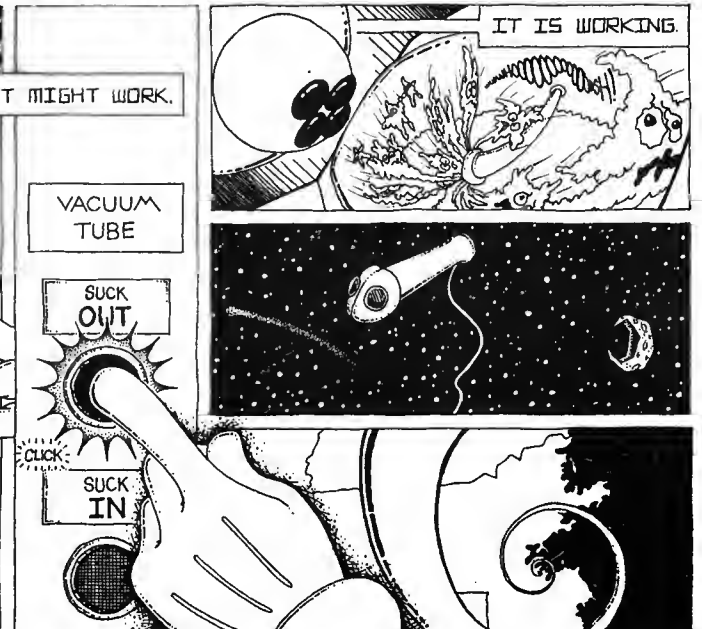
BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK.



VACUUM  
TUBE

SUCK  
OUT

SUCK  
IN



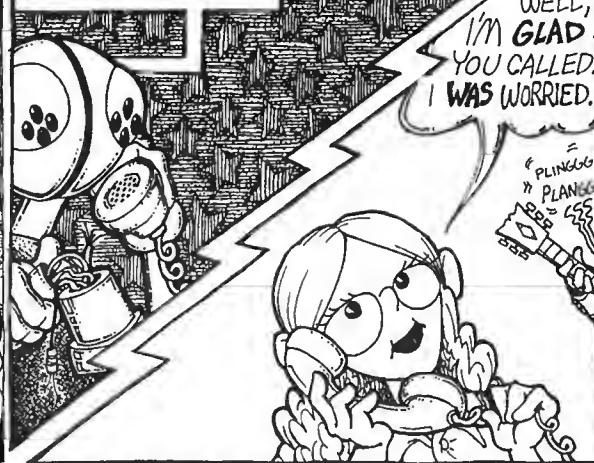
IT IS WORKING.



AND, IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.....



...AND SO I WILL BE BACK DOWN IN KANSAS AS SOON AS I GET A FEW THINGS IN SHAPE UP HERE IN THE SATELLITE.



MY BROTHER, WHO IS JUST PASSING THROUGH, WANTED TO ORGANIZE A POSSE TO LOOK FOR YOU WHEN I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED. ...YES, YES.... OKAY. GOODBYE.



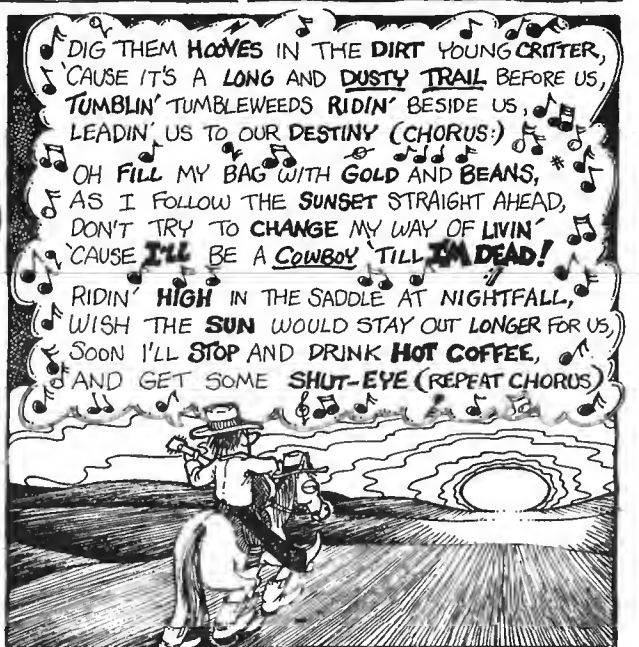
THAT WAS HIM, HE'S SAFE AND SOUND.

WELL, THEN, I GUESS I'LL JES' BE HITTING THE DUSTY TRAIL AGAIN.

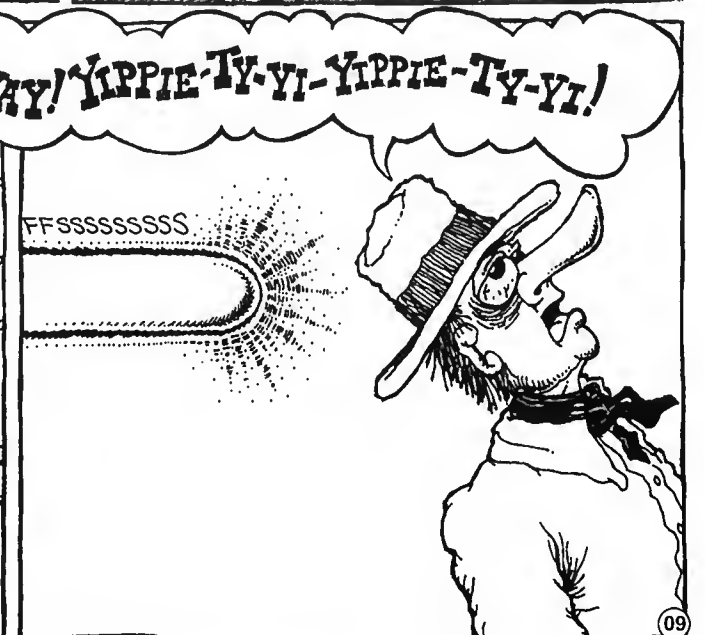
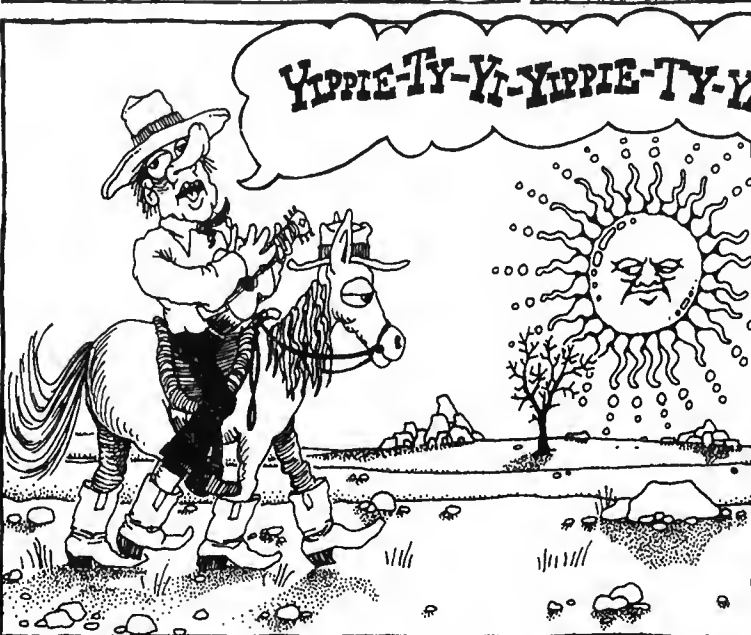


DON'T MAKE A STRANGER OF YOURSELF.

DANG RIGHT. ADIOS, MI HERMANA.

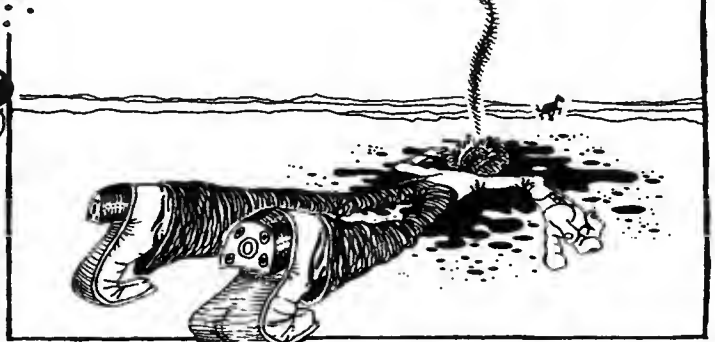


YIPPIE-TY-YI-YIPPIE-TY-YAY! YIPPIE-TY-YI-YIPPIE-TY-YI!





# THE BIG ONE



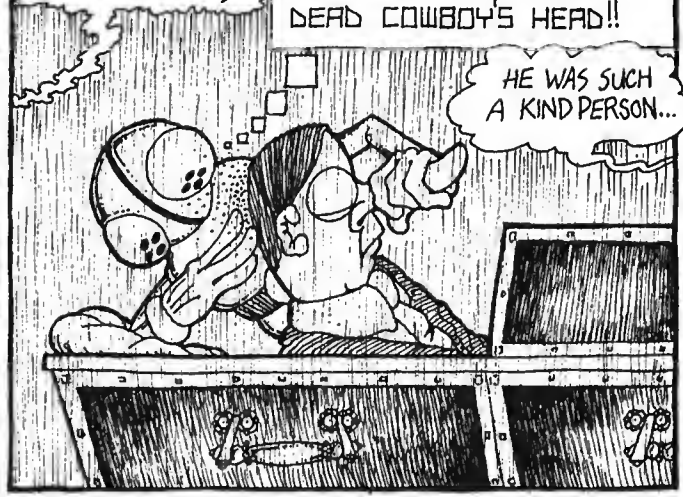
SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....  
He was a man of adventure.  
A true American Hero.....

THAT IS ODD!!! MY  
SENSORS ARE PICKING  
UP THE RADIATION OF  
THE SHINY SILVER  
SPHERE THAT I SEEK!  
BUT WHERE DOES IT  
COME FROM?



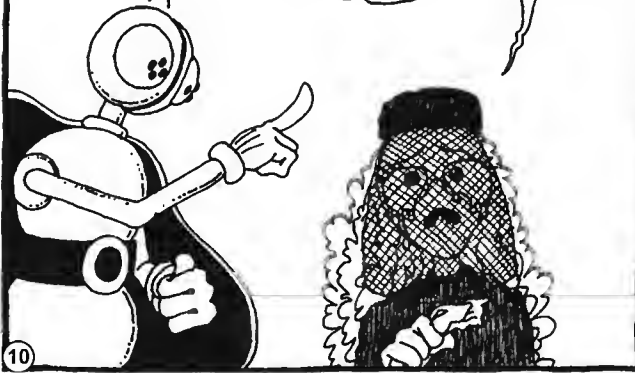
Ashes to ashes.....  
HEY! What do you  
think you're doing?

**THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE!**  
THE RADIATION IS ON  
THE BACK OF THIS  
DEAD COWBOY'S HEAD!!



OBVIOUSLY YOUR BROTHER WAS  
KILLED BY THE SHINY SPHERE.

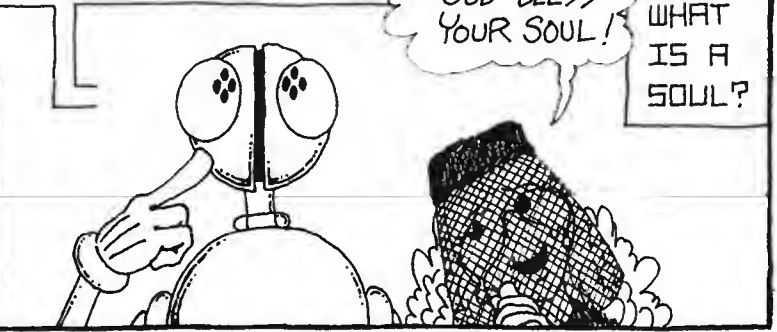
BUT WHY? MY  
BROTHER WOULDN'T  
HARM A HORSEFLY.



I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT I DO KNOW ONE  
THING. YOUR BROTHER WAS HEADED WEST.  
HE WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND BY THE  
SPHERE. THEREFORE THE SPHERE MUST  
HAVE BEEN HEADED WEST, TOO. NOW THAT  
I HAVE THIS CLUE, I CANNOT REST UNTIL  
I FIND THE SPHERE.

GOD BLESS  
YOUR SOUL!

WHAT  
IS A  
SOUL?





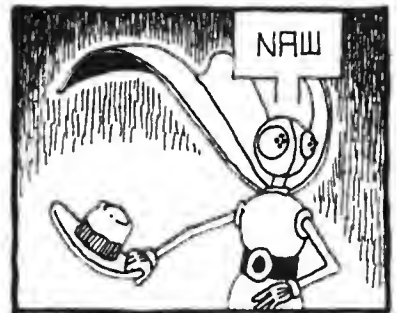
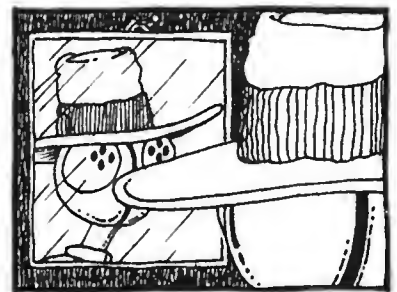


YOU CAN TAKE MY BROTHER'S HORSE AND YOU MAY NEED THIS GUN, TOO.

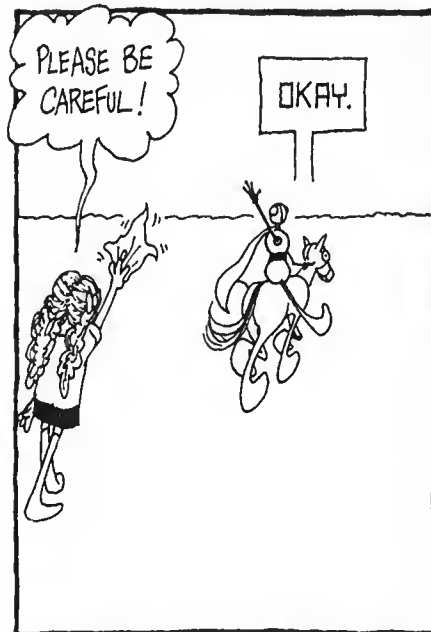
OKAY.



YOU MAY AS WELL WEAR HIS COWBOY HAT, TOO.



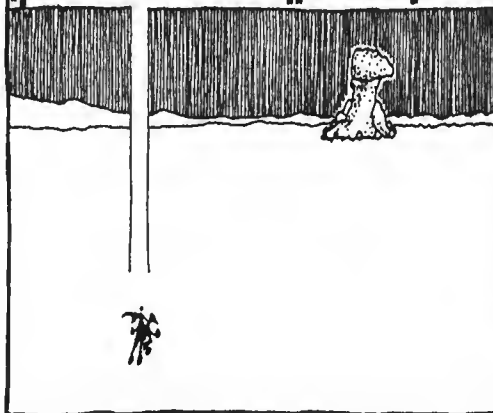
NAW



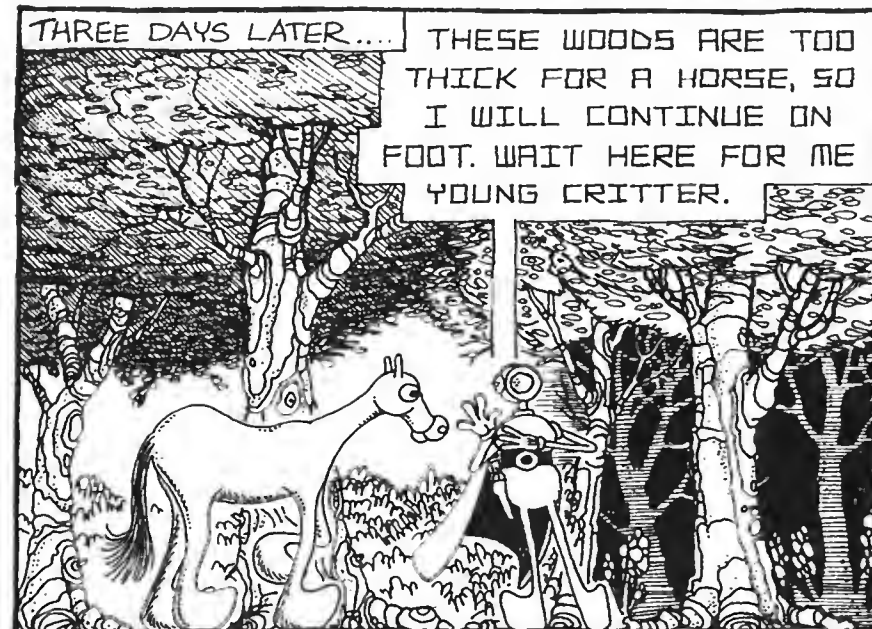
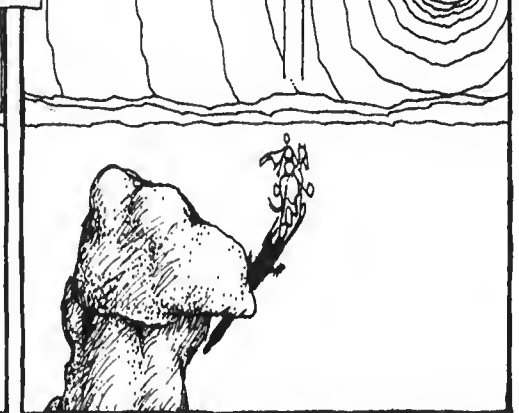
PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

OKAY.

WELL I'M A LONESOME 'OL' ANDROID, RIDIN' MY LONESOME STEED. AN' I WISH THIS LONESOME CRITTER, WOULD PICK UP A LITTLE SPEED.

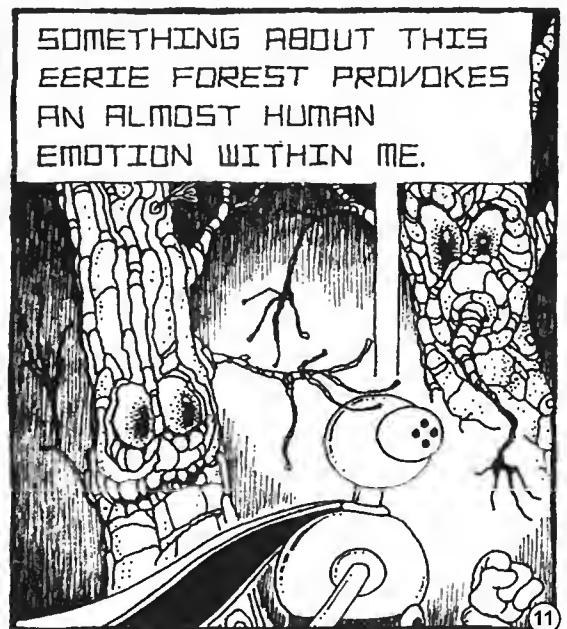


I SEE, BY YOUR OUTFIT, THAT YOU ARE AN ANDROID.



THREE DAYS LATER....

THESE WOODS ARE TOO THICK FOR A HORSE, SO I WILL CONTINUE ON FOOT. WAIT HERE FOR ME YOUNG CRITTER.



SOMETHING ABOUT THIS EERIE FOREST PROVOKES AN ALMOST HUMAN EMOTION WITHIN ME.



AN ANDROID  
KNOWS NO FEAR.  
AN ANDROID  
KNOWS NO FEAR.  
AN ANDROID....



MY SENSORS ARE  
PICKING UP THE  
SPHERE'S—WAIT!!  
WHAT'S THAT?

HEHE  
HE  
HA HA HA  
HO HO  
QUINK!  
HE HE  
HARRR  
HA HA



GNOMES!! AND  
THE SPHERE!!!



OH, TIS ALE  
WHICH SETS ME  
MIND AFLOAT!  
Yo Ho!  
Yo Ho!  
Yo Ho!

HAIL  
ALE!

YE OLDE  
GLOWBALL  
BOPS ME  
NOGGIN!

Ho Ho Ho!

HA!  
HA!  
WHAT  
DO YE  
THINK  
GLOW-  
BALL?

QUINK!  
QUINKQUINK!

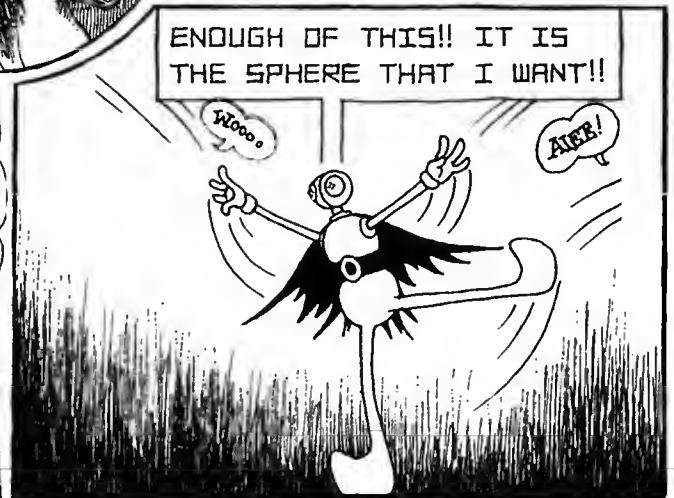


QUINK!  
QUINK!

HI LITTLE BUDDY!!!

I BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER  
FOR YOU!! ARE YOU ABOUT READY TO COME HOME?

WH LITTLE BUDDY?



ENOUGH OF THIS!! IT IS  
THE SPHERE THAT I WANT!!



Wooo

AEE!



HEY! THAT SCOUNDREL WANTS TO TAKE OUR GLOWBALL  
AWAY FROM US!

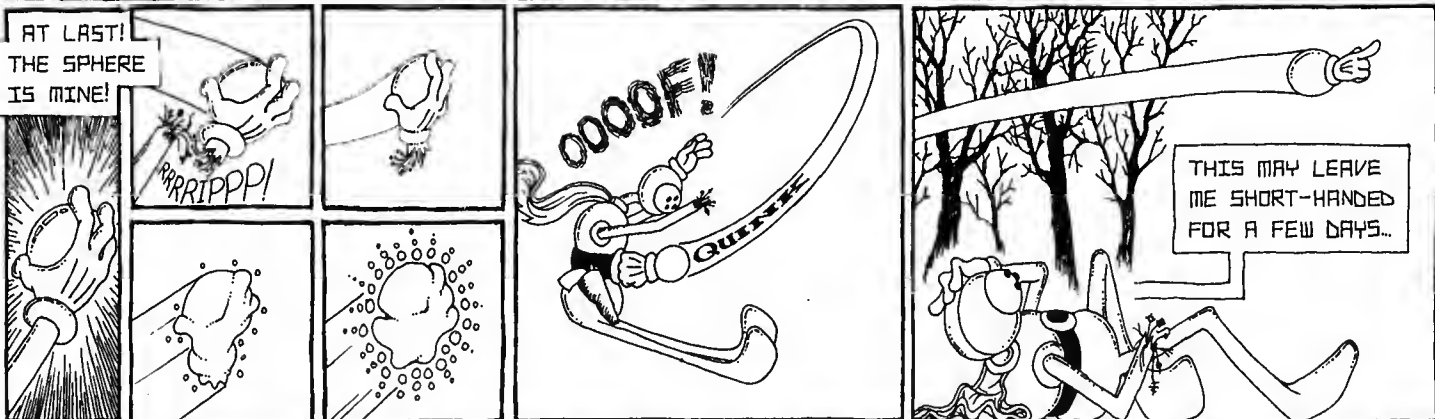
QUINK QUINK!

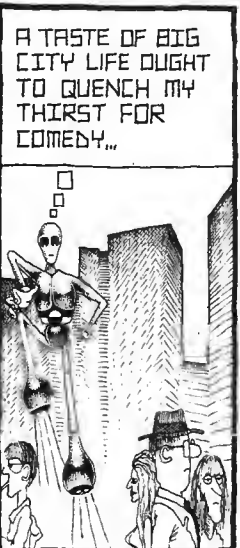
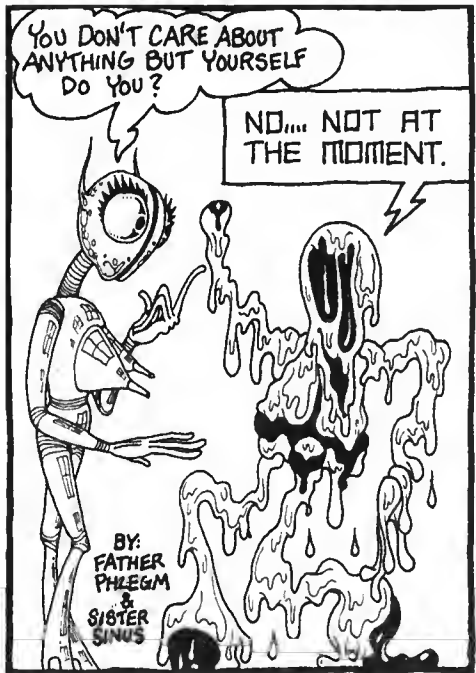
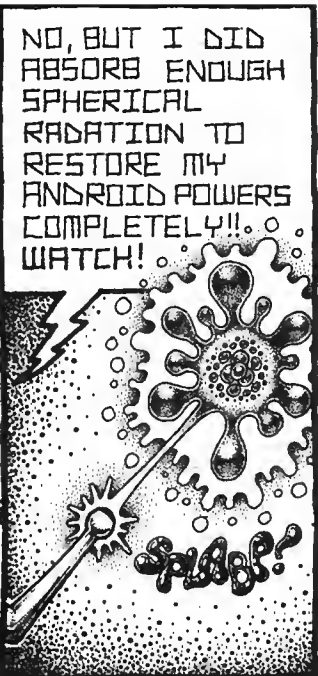
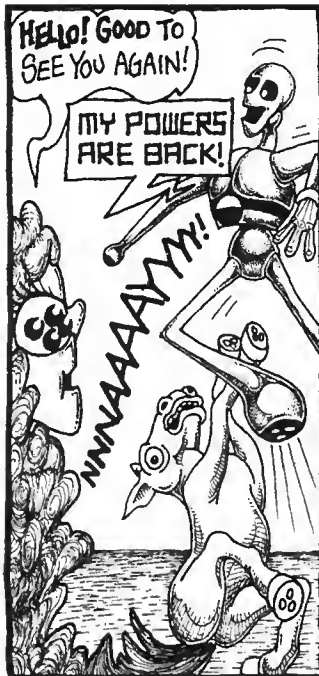


CRACK!  
POP!  
BANG!  
SMASH!

GET HIM!  
YE BALD-  
HEADED  
SCALWAGS!



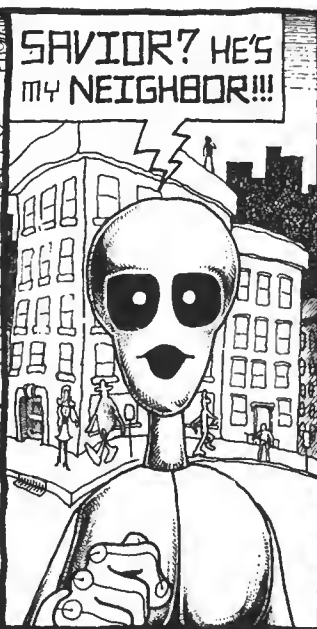




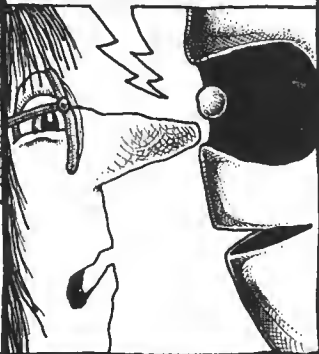




SAVIOR? HE'S MY NEIGHBOR!!!



J.C. LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ME WITH AN OLD GUY. THEY'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL MOBILE SATELLITE UP THERE. DID YOU KNOW HE WAS AN ANDROID?



BLASPHEMY! I OUGHT TO SMASH YOUR FACE FOR SAYING THAT!



WELL, LOOK-I HAVE TO FLY. MAYBE WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LATER.



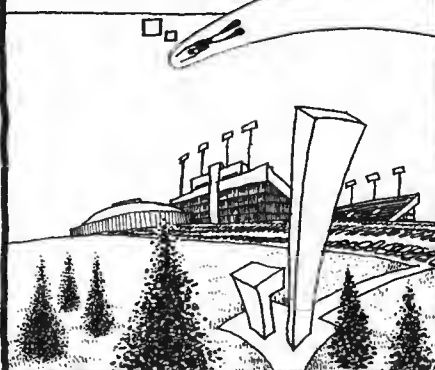
WAIT! COME BACK AND BLESS THIS HUMBLE SERVANT!

SORRY, I HAVE TO FLY.

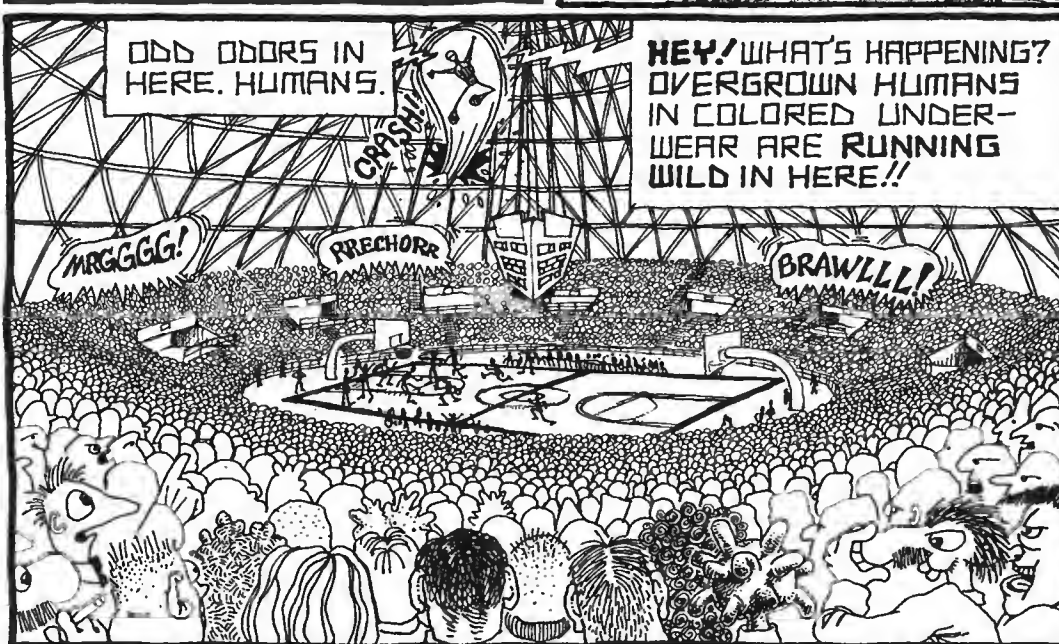
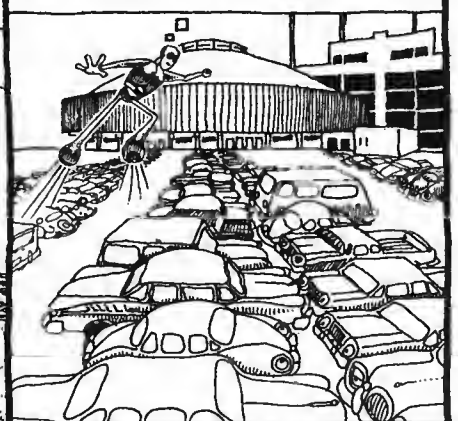
I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU.

## Android-Kampus

THAT MUST BE WICHITA STATE UNIVERSITY DOWN THERE. POSSIBLY A SOURCE OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNION....



AWFUL LOT OF CARS. A MASS MEETING OF THE MINDS, MAYBE? BETTER CHECK IT OUT.



ODD ODORS IN HERE. HUMANS.

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? OVERGROWN HUMANS IN COLORED UNDERWEAR ARE RUNNING WILD IN HERE!!



IT'S MAKING THIS CROWD VERY EMOTIONAL.

HIT! DO DAH-DO OH GIT ROW YEAH! GROWL WHEEE 18215

THIS IS HOW WARS  
GET STARTED!!



EVERYTHING SEEMS  
TO CENTER AROUND  
THAT BOUNCING  
SPHERE!



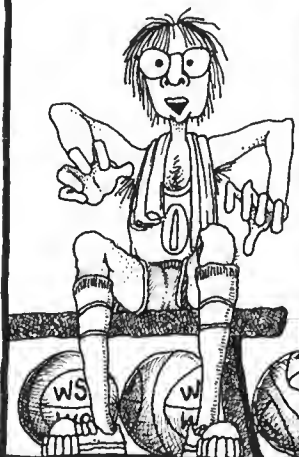
IT'S BETTER ACT NOW, BEFORE  
THIS THING BLOWS WIDE OPEN!!



NOW THE MEETING OF THE MINDS  
CAN RESUME, I PRESUME....



HEY! THAT FLYING  
ROBOT JUST DESTROYED  
THE BASKETBALL!!



HEY! AND NOW HE'S—  
OH NO, HE'S TURNING  
TOWARDS ME!



HEY! DON'T LET HIM  
GET ME COACH!!



HEY! HEY!  
THAT'S ENOUGH!



HEY! SETTLE DOWN! OR I'LL  
BREAK EVER BONE IN YOUR BODY!



HEY! MY BODY  
DOESN'T HAVE  
ANY BONES!!

HEY! KILL  
THAT IDIOT!

WHY SHOULD  
I? A 'BONK'  
SEEMS MORE  
APPROPRIATE!!

HEY... THE ANDROID DISPLAYS  
ANOTHER AMAZING POWER....



HEY!!

BONK!

HEY! CLIFF'S  
HURT!



HEY, REALLY!

HEY! COME ON! BEFORE HE  
HURTS SOME-  
ONE ELSE!

HEY!  
WHERE'S  
THE BALL?

HEY! IT'S A STAMPEDE!  
HEY!! YOU OK? GET UP!!  
YOU'LL BE TRAMPLED!



HEY!  
MEATLOAF  
AGAIN?  
OH, NO...

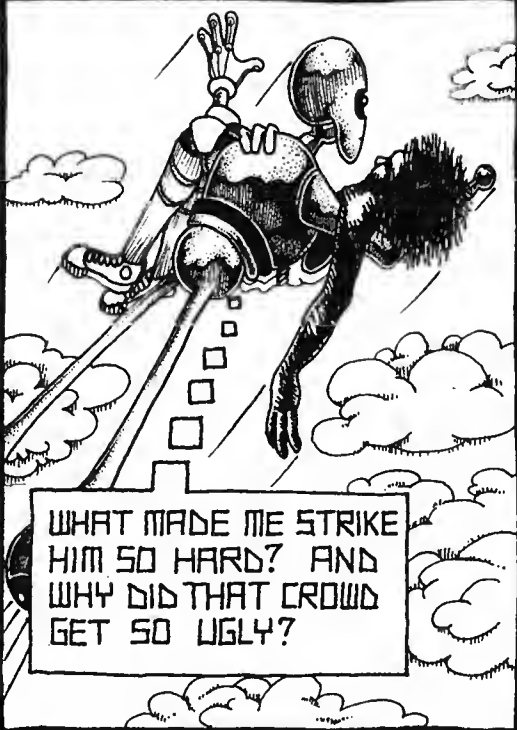


HEY!  
HE'S  
OUT  
OF  
IT!!

HEY! NOW THAT LUNATIC  
IS KIDNAPPING HERNDON!



THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS! YOU HEARD  
RIGHT! AS IF DESTROYING EVERY  
BASKETBALL IN HENRY LEVITT  
ARENA WAS NOT ENOUGH, THE  
STRANGE CREATURE HAS NOW  
INJURED NO. 48 CLIFFORD HERNDON,  
AND IS FLYING — YES, FLYING —  
OUT OF THE ARENA, CHASED BY  
A PACK OF ANGRY FANS, PLAYERS,  
AND ENOUGH SECURITY POLICE  
TO START A WAR! GEEESUS!  
WHAT A BALL GAME!!!



WHAT MADE ME STRIKE  
HIM SO HARD? AND  
WHY DID THAT CROWD  
GET SO UGLY?

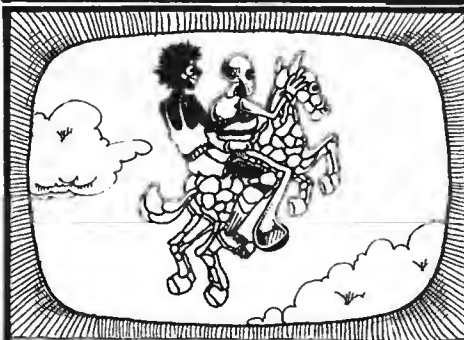
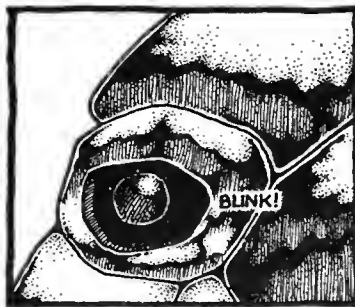
CAN'T GET VERY HIGH WITH  
THIS LOAD. WE NEED SOME  
TRANSPORTATION! SAY,  
WHAT'S THAT BELOW?



HEEYAH! GIDDYAP!  
IT'S NO USE! THIS  
HORSE IS ONLY A  
STATUE!!







"...WHILE A CAPACITY CROWD  
LOOKED ON, THE UNIDENTIFIED  
ROBOT FLEW FROM THE ARENA, TO  
A NEARBY SCULPTURE, CARRYING  
THE INJURED CLIFFORD HERNDON  
IN HIS ARMS...."

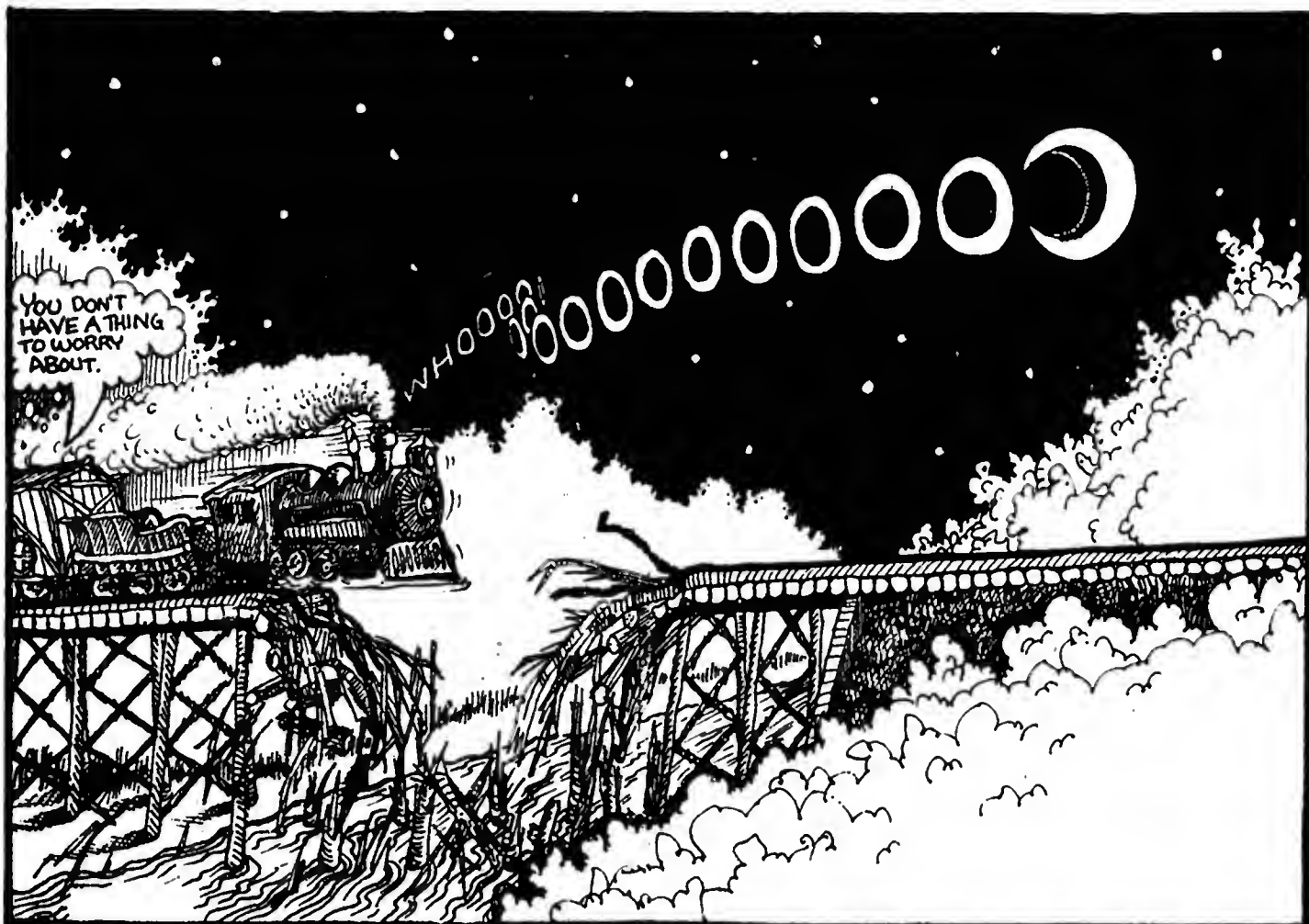


"...AS THIS FOOTAGE SHOWS, THE  
CREATURE THEN CAUSED THE  
SCULPTURE TO FLY, THUS MAKING  
GOOD, HIS DARING ESCAPE...."



"...THE W.S.U. ATHLETIC  
DEPARTMENT HAS ANNOUNCED  
AN \$82,000<sup>00</sup> REWARD FOR THE  
CAPTURE OR DESTRUCTION OF  
THIS DANGEROUS PRODUCT OF OUR  
EVER-INCREASING TECHNOLOGY...."

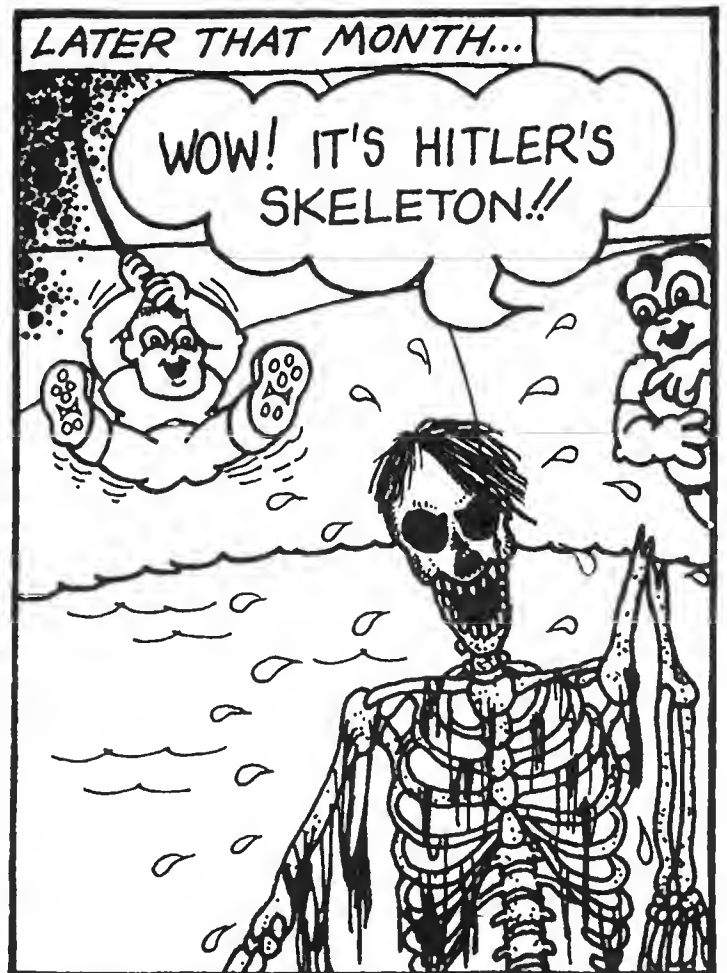
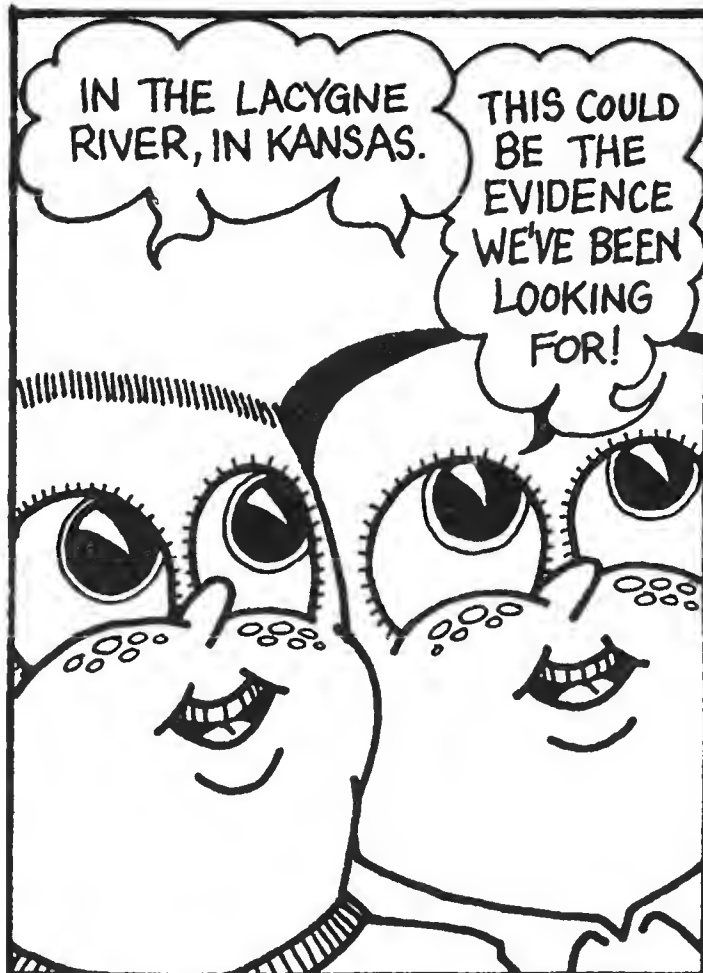
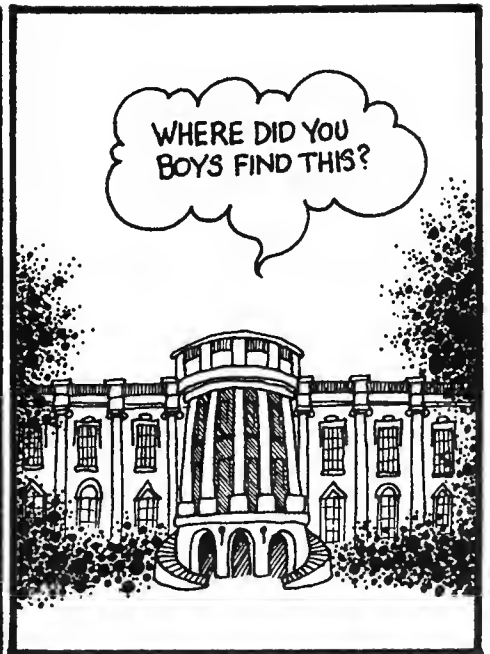
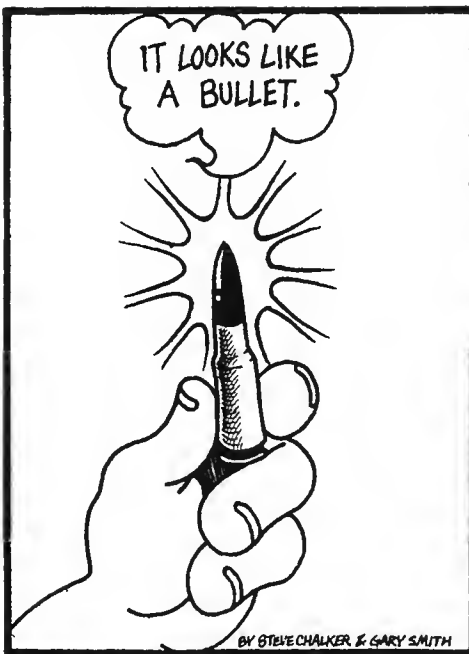




# THE HUSKY BOYS

## THE LACYGNE<sup>in</sup> RIVER MYSTERY

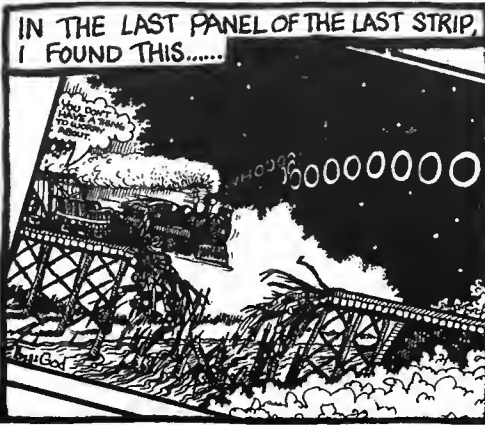
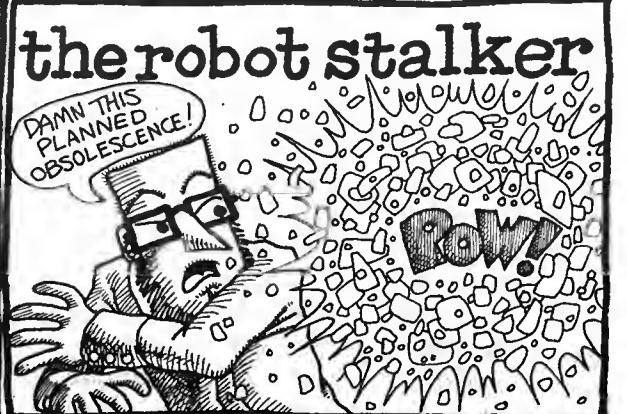
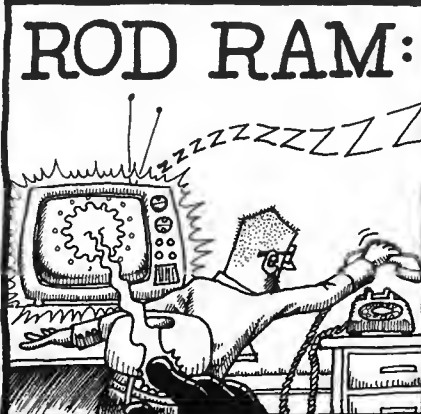
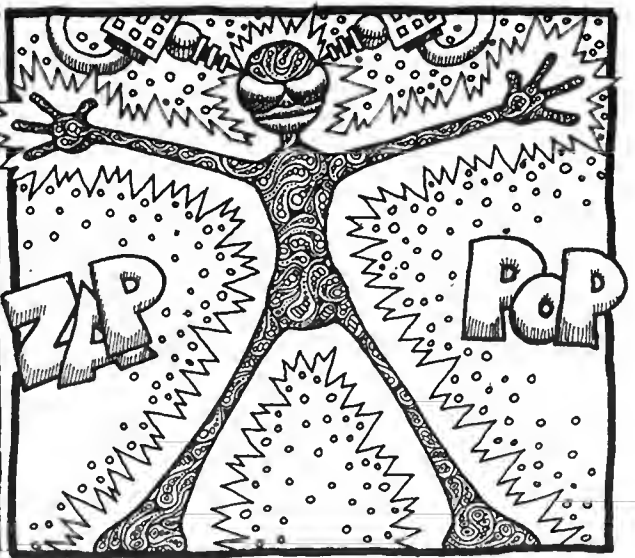
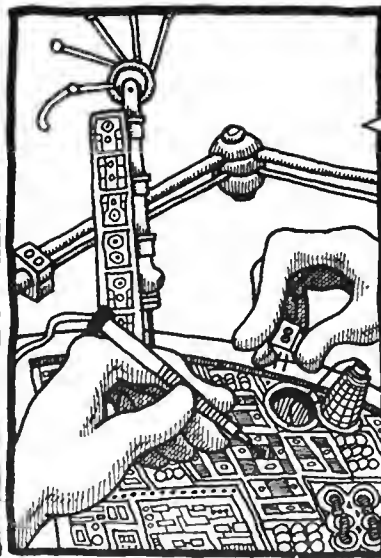
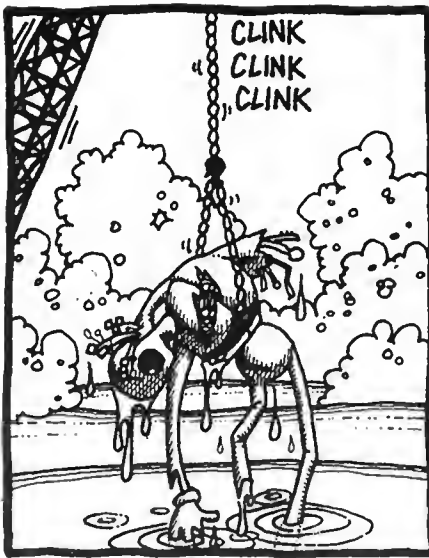


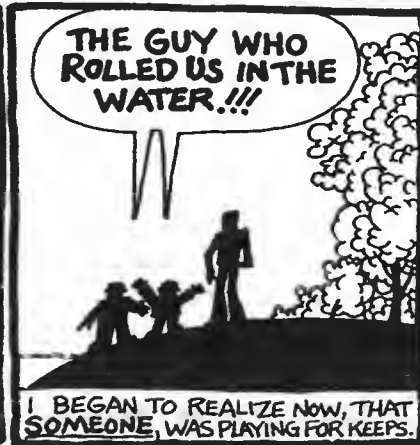
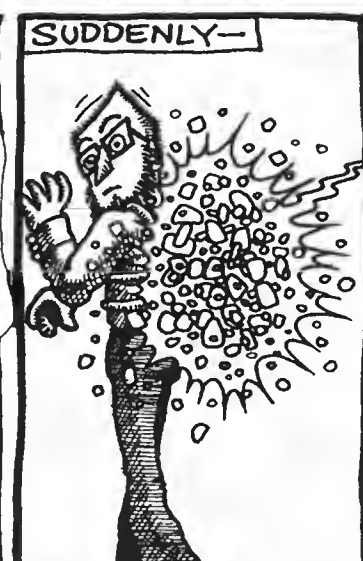


NEXT UP, WE RETURN TO:









RAM! RAM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK HERE!

YUK YUK

I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING, BUT I WASN'T GOING TO COVER THE ANTICS OF SALLEY HARTWELL.

I ENDED UP AT THE PUB.....

...I CAN'T FIGURE IT! A BLACK MAN WITH NO FACE, A DEAD GUY WITH A BIG NOSE, AND A MISSING ROBOT. WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

WHAT?

WHAT??

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

THAT'S WHAT I HAVE TO FIND OUT.

WELL, WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION IN ALL THIS?

I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A GOOD STORY. AND, IF I SAVE A FEW LIVES IN THE PROCESS, THAT'S OK TOO. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

WHAT'S THAT!?!?

YOUR NAME. SURLY YOU—

GAACK!!

SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHING IN MY DRINK!

FWAAAP!

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW, OR WHY BUT ONE THING WAS BECOMING CLEAR: SOMEONE WANTED ME DEAD.

I WENT HOME TO THINK IT ALL OVER WHEN.....

RING...RING...RING...

HELLO, RAM? THIS IS BEARTH. -Bzzz- -click- MEET ME AT THE SUNFLOWER IN 10 MINUTES, I'VE GOT SOMETHING CLICK-CLICK THAT WILL BLOW YOU AWAY!!!!!!

LOOK DAN, I'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY. I—

CLICK!

HE SOUNDED PRETTY TURNED ON ABOUT SOMETHING, SO I DECIDED TO SEE WHAT WAS UP...

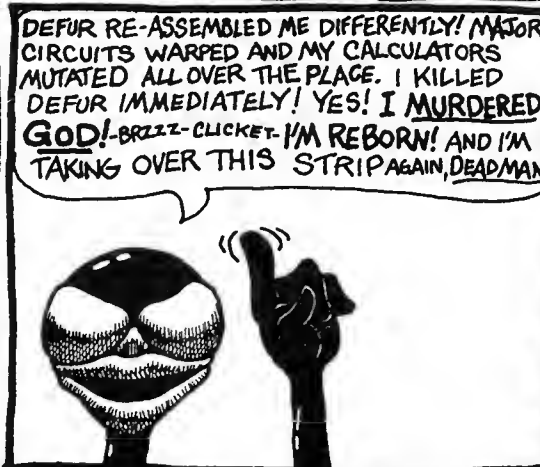
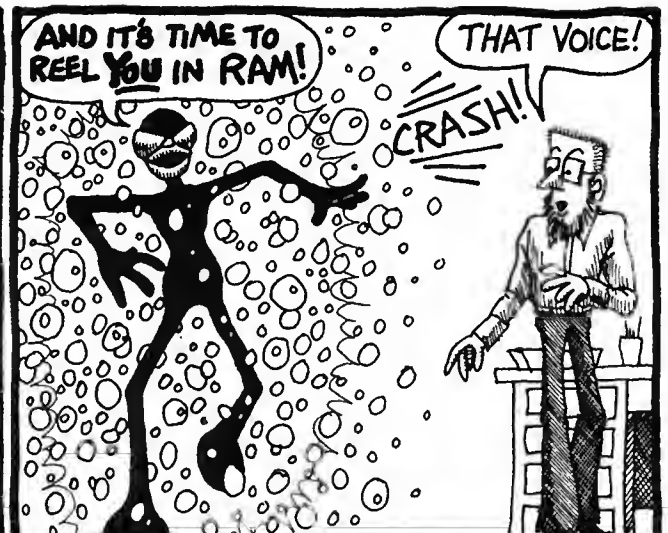
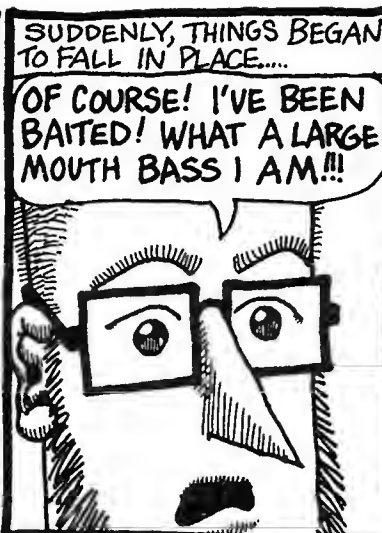
OK. HERE I AM. BLOW ME AWAY.

WHAT? OH RAM, I'M BUSY. WHADDA YOU WANT?

HEY LISTEN, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CALLED ME!

ARE YOU INSANE? I DIDN'T CALL YOU.






# FEAR & LOATHING IN CENTRAL KANSAS


## WITH ROD RAM GONZO CARTOONIST

EVER SINCE SPACEMEN LANDED ON OUR PLANET, MEN HAVE BEEN SEEKING LEADERS. AND, EVEN TODAY IN CIVILIZED KANSAS, THE SEARCH GOES ON. HELLO..... I'M **ROD RAM**..... GONZO CARTOONIST. AND I'M HERE AT THE EDGE OF CREDIBILITY—IN THE MIDDLE OF W.S.U. OVER THERE, ON MY FAR LEFT IS.....



**JON KOERNER**, PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE. JON, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN ON THE SGA A LOT LATELY. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

WELL, ROD, PERSONALLY, I FEEL THE CURRENT SGA IS A JOKE! SAY! HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE ATHLETIC CZAR WHO WAS TOO SHORT TO PAY ATTENTION??? HE BACKED INTO A FEE ALLOCATION AND MADE A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF. HAHA! GET IT?



UH..... JON, WE'VE HEARD YOU CALLED A LEFT WING LIBERAL. DO YOU PUT MUCH TRUCK IN THAT?

WELL ROD, AS YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE IN EQUALITY, NOT INEQUALITY. ANY NEGROES, CHICANOS, OR MEXICANS WHO WANT TO LAY AROUND AND SMOKE DOPE IN THE SGA OFFICE WILL BE WELCOME!!!

ER—WHAT ABOUT US HONKIES, JON?


THE HONKIES CAN COME IN TOO! BUT THEY HAVE TO ROLL.....



JON. THERE'S THE UNAVOIDABLE QUESTION OF SPORTS. IT HAS PREOCCUPIED YOU FOR MONTHS NOW. WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF FUTURE BOUTS BETWEEN YOU AND BREDEHOFF??? ARE YOU IN SHAPE FOR IT???


I'M IN GREAT SHAPE ROD! I CAN TAKE EVERYTHING HE DISHES OUT, AND SERVE IT RIGHT BACK TO HIM, WITH EQUAL ALLOCATIONS FOR SUCH MINOR SPORTS AS UNDERWATER MIDGET HOCKEY AND FINGERBALL. I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME WE LIT THE PIPES OF STUDENT ACTION AND TOOK THE FOUR AIR OUT OF FOOTBALL!!!!!!

THANKS JON. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OVER HERE TO....




THE "ACTION FOR STUDENT ACTION" CANDIDATE **DEBBIE HAYNES**. DEBBIE, WHAT'S ALL THIS TROPE ABOUT IMPROVING COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE SGA AND THE STUDENT BODY?

WELL, MR. RAM, MY OFFICE WILL BE OPEN 20 HOURS A WEEK, SO YOU STUDENTS CAN COME IN AND TELL ME WHAT TO DO!




I VOW, TO DEDICATE MY TIME, TO THE STUDENTS AS WELL AS THE SGA, IN WHOSE NAME WE TRUST. ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, INDIVISIBLE, WITH ALLOCATIONS AND FREE UNIVERSITY FOR ALL!!!!!!

WELL, GOOD LUCK TOOTS!! NOW, IF I CAN, I'D LIKE TO GET A WORD CANDIDATE.....




**LES WALKER**. UH, LESLEY, COULD YOU EXPLAIN YOUR STARTLING NEW "REVERSE PARTICIPATION" PLAN?

THANK YOU RAM. ER—MR. ROD OUR PLAN IS TO IMPOUND AND RE-DIRECT STUDENT FUNDS TO SET UP A "COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK." I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH WORK IT TAKES. WE WILL DO ANYTHING TO ESTABLISH PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THE STUDENT. THROUGH THE JUDICIOUS USE OF PHONE TAPS AND MAIL SURVEILLANCE WE CAN OPEN UP LINES OF COMMUNICATION, WHERE NONE WERE NEEDED BEFORE, SO THAT WHEN "JOE COLLEGE" TALKS, WE'LL BE LISTENING!!!!!!

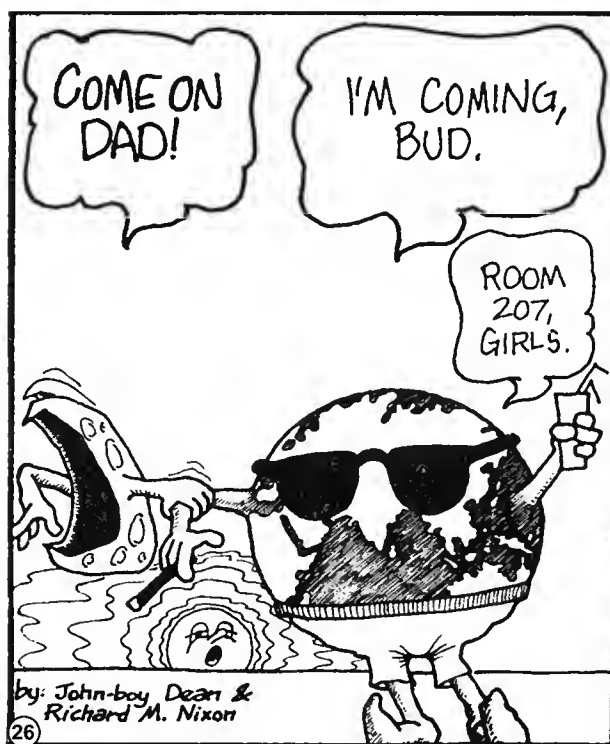
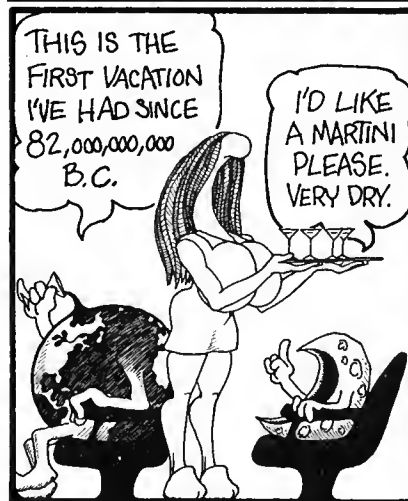
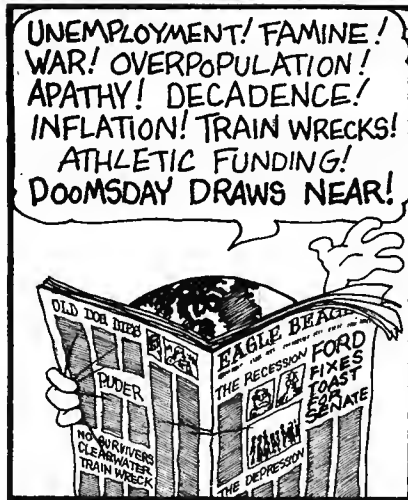


COMMUNICATION! THAT'S THE KEY!!!!!! LET'S TALK!! WE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES HAVE A TENDENCY TO TALK—A LOT, GENERALLY VERY LOUD AND TO EVERYONE ABOUT EVERYTHING. NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE PEOPLE TO TALK, AND FOR US TO LISTEN! COMMUNICATION!!!! GETTING THROUGH TO YOU! GETTING THROUGH TO YOU!!!!!!

I GUESS SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT POLITICIANS ARE NOTHING BUT SLUGS AND THAT POLITICS IS A DARK, SWAMPY BUSINESS, BUT THESE THREE SEEM TO LIKE IT. **ROD RAM** CARTOON NEWS, W.S.U.



# EARTH TAKES A VACATION





# THE CARTOON SCENE NEWS

HI! I'M JACK FRUIT. TONIGHT ON THE CARTOON SCENE NEWS WE HAVE, WELL.... WE DON'T UM.... WE REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH.... I MEAN THE ANDROID HASN'T CHECKED IN FOR A MONTH, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S AT, YOU SEE, ROD RAM WAS SUPPOSED TO GO DOWN TO CLEARWATER AND CHECK INTO THAT, BUT, I DON'T KNOW, THE LAST WE HEARD OF RAM HE WAS STUMBLING AROUND, INCOHERENT, AT SOME RIVER PARTY....

EVEN SMITH IS GONE! I BET HIM AND WHIPPLE ARE DOWN IN ARK CITY, SUCKING AWAY AT A SIX PACK. WELL, ANYWAY THE ONLY PERSON IN THE CARTOON STUDIO IS..... JIM DUCK! OUR WEATHER BIRD. JIM, WHAT'S THE WEATHER LOOK LIKE FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS?

WELL JACK, WE'RE LOOKING FOR FAIR SKYS AND HIGH ENERGY THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DECADE, WITH A SLIGHT CHANCE OF SOLAR INDEPENDENCE BY THE 80'S. ILL WINDS WILL BE SOUTHEAST OF ASIA, AND THEN SHIFTING TO THE MIDEAST AS THAT COLD WAR FRONT MOVES CLOSER OVERNIGHT. WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR THE HIGHS TOMORROW TO BE INCREASING, 30 HITS OR MORE. ON THE WHOLE, A VERY SCHITZOID FORECAST. AND THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR THE WEATHER JACK....

THANK YOU JIM, NOW WE HAVE A FEW! MOMENTS FOR SOME INFANTILE CHATTER BETWEEN US....

UH...YES JACK WE CAN PULL A FEW AVERAGE, MIDDLE BRAINED GAGS FOR ALL THESE MUSHY AIRCRAFT WORKERS AND THEIR SLOUCHY WIVES....

YES JIM, IT CERTAINLY IS AN EGO PUMP TO BE HERE IN FRONT OF THE CARTOON CAMERAS, IN CHARGE, UP FRONT, WHERE IT HAPPENING IN COSMOPOLITIAN WICHITA!

OH HO - HA HA HAW! I GET IT! HAW HAW HAW!

**BANG! CRASH!**

WHAT? WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT?

JESUS FRUBLING GRUMBER FLOK MRUMBR FRENT!

RAM! ITS RODRAM! IVE TOLD YOU NOT TO COME TO WORK RIPPED!

WHAT? I'M NOT RIPPED! I DIDN'T FIND THE ROBOT. MAYBE HE DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN HUH? WELL, WHO CARES, EH BUD? I DID THOUGH, RUN INTO SOME GUYS WITH A KEG OF BEER AND SOME GREAT COKE...ER... SMOKE. I MEAN-

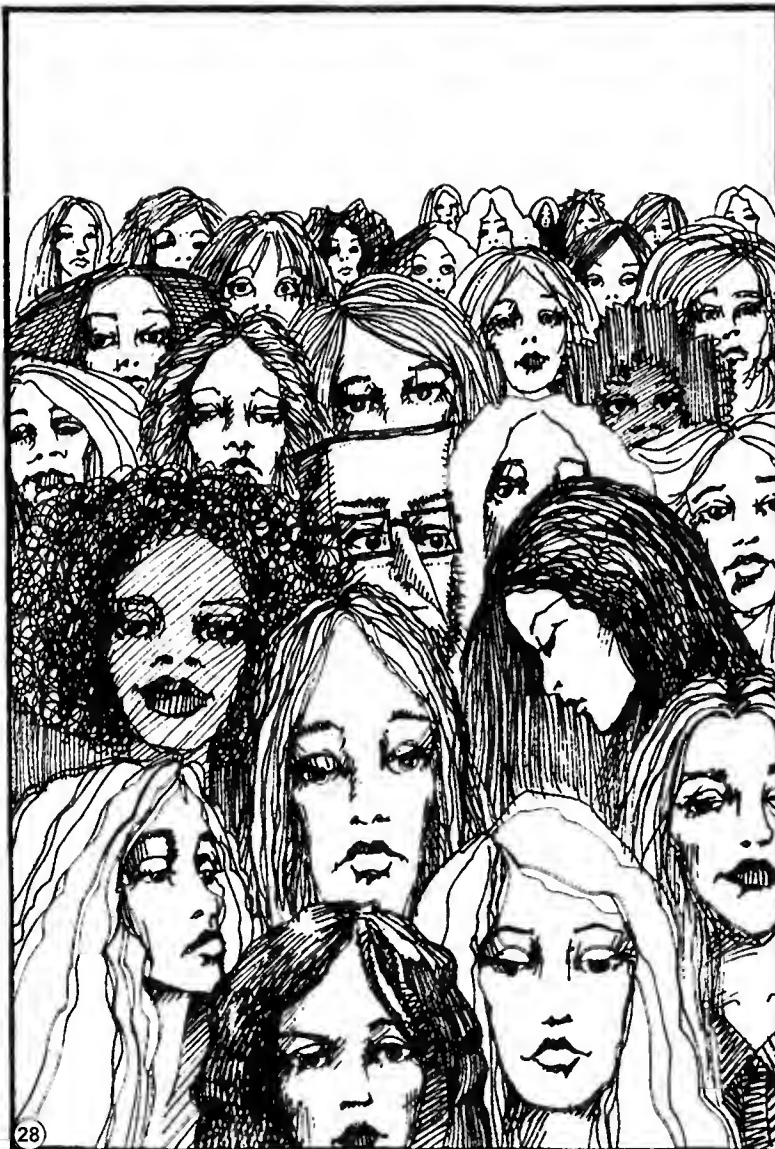
RAM! IVE HAD IT! YOUR BRAIN IS ALL SLOSHY FROM TO MANY DRUGS! YOU'RE A USELESS PRODUCT OF SOCIETY! OUT! GET OUT!

YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT! IT'S THE LAST PANEL, DOPE! TAKE THIS!

UHHHHH!! SMACK!!

I DON'T GET IT. I DON'T UNNER STAND THIS HERE ANDROID STUFF. WHY DON'T THEY PRINT NANKY OR PEANUTS OR SOMETHING?

BY: STEVE CHALKER (ON HIS OWN!!!)



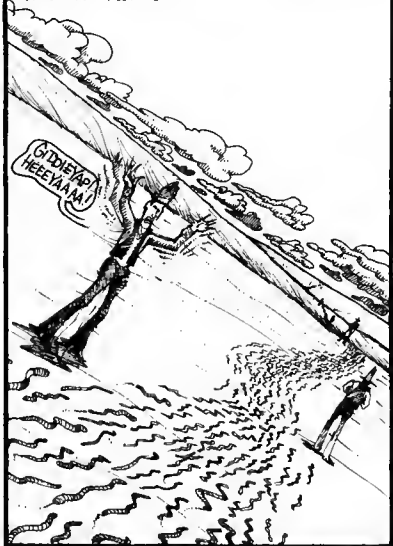


BY: STEVE CHALKER / GARY SMITH

"THESE WORM TRAILS SUPPLIED MEAT TO THE GOLD-HEADS THROUGHOUT THE SILURIAN PERIOD AND INTO THE EARLY DEVONIAN (KNOWN AS THE AGE OF FISHES) UNTIL THE GREAT CLOT OF TOURISTS WIPED THEM OUT AND BROUGHT THE 'TOURISTBURGER' INTO POPULARITY..."



"HOWEVER, WHILE THE TRAILS WERE STILL IN OPERATION, MILLIONS OF WORMS COULD BE SEEN EDGING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE VAST WESTERN PLAINS..."



"AN' BY THE TIME WE GIT TO ABILENE I'LL BE DEAD, SO YOU'LL TAKE OVER WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER THERE."

"SOMETIMES THEY HAD TO DEFEND THEIR WORMS AGAINST BANDS OF WILD-EYED SAVAGES ARMED WITH PRIMITIVE CLAW HAMMERS..."



"GODDAMNIT! AM SHORE WISH AM COULD GIT TO THE DENTIST!"



"YET THE WORST MENACE ON THE TRAILS WERE WORM PUSTLES"



"CLASS DISMISSED!"

"RRRINGG...GGGGG"

"HOO! HOO! HOO! HOO!"



# ROD RAM: Assignment: Beer on Campus:

4

HELLO FRIENDS. THIS YEAR'S "SOCIALY DISOBEDIENT" "DRINK-IN" (WHICH WAS HELD TO DRAW ATTENTION TO THE PLIGHT OF THE OPPRESSED BEER MANUFACTURER WHO IS UNABLE TO FREELY MARKET HIS PRODUCT ON CAMPUS) HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A TOTAL FAILURE. (AND WHO REALLY CARES? IT WOULD JUST BE THAT ROT GUT 3.2 SLOP.) THE CROWD HERE, HAS BEEN LAYING AROUND LAUGHING A LOT..... AND NOW THERE'S TALK OF EVERYONE GOING OVER TO MY PLACE FOR BUFFALO CHIPS & AVOCADO DIP. THIS IS ROD RAM, AT THE WSM DRINK-IN, DRINKING,

HEH HEH HEH...



-CHALKER & SMITH, THIS CARTOON IS ABSURD! TOO BAD THEY CALLED OFF THE FOOTBALL KEG BATTLE, NOW WE CAN'T USE THIS. SEE ME TOMORROW, I'VE GOT AN IDEA ABOUT THE UPCOMING FOOTBALL SEASON. YOUR EDITOR, -DPB.

YAMA...

MY RUN PACE SCORE MY RUN PACE SCORE MY RUN...

KAPO!

Run!!







TONIGHT, DEAR LISTENERS, WE HAVE A REAL TREAT FOR YOU....WE'D LIKE TO PRESENT A NEW AFTERMIDNIGHT FEATURE: AUNT STEVE & UNCLE GARY, READING THE FUNNIES!!! TAKE IT AWAY RADIO CARTOONISTS



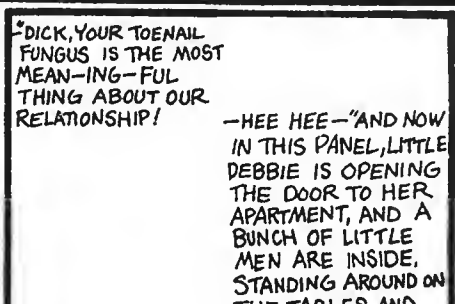
ARE WE ON?  
WAIT A MINUTE, I THINK WE ARE ON.  
OH... OH... THIS IS--HELLO! TALK! TALK! THIS IS UNCLE GARY AND--AUNT STEVE!  
HERE, HIGH ATOP THE KMWU RADIO BUILDING TO BRING YOU....

# DEBBIE HUGGY BUNS

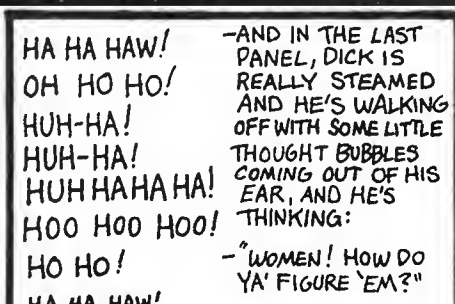
## ...GIRLSCOUT CHEERLEADER...



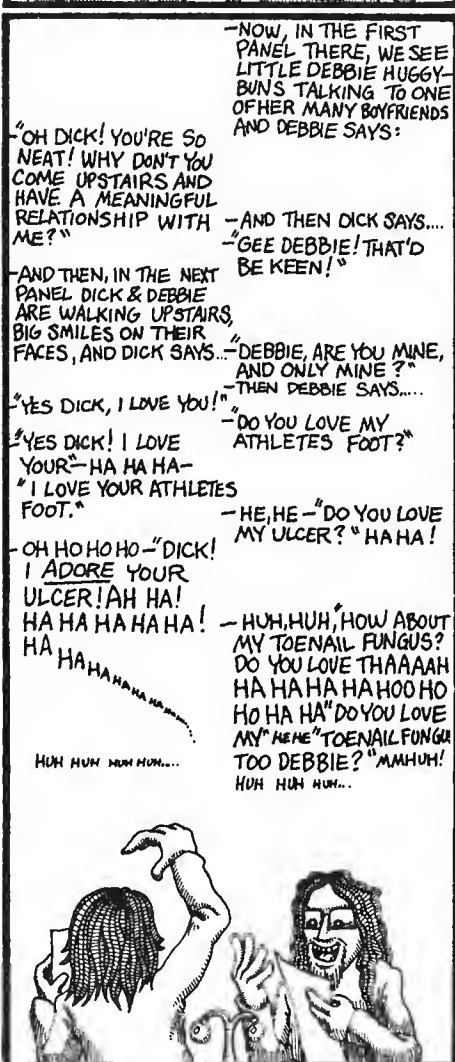
**RADIO FUNNIES !!!**  
HUH HUM!  
NOW! IF YOU'VE GOT YOUR SUNFLOWER OPEN TO PAGE THREE--  
--THEN YOU'RE ON THE WRONG PAGE! TURN TO PAGE 6 & YOU CAN SEE TODAY'S COMIC....



"DICK, YOUR TOENAIL FUNGUS IS THE MOST MEAN-ING-FUL THING ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP!"  
--HEE HEE-- "AND NOW IN THIS PANEL, LITTLE DEBBIE IS OPENING THE DOOR TO HER APARTMENT, AND A BUNCH OF LITTLE MEN ARE INSIDE, STANDING AROUND ON THE TABLES AND CHAIRS, SITTING ON THE LAMP & ACROSS THE SOFA BACK AND--



HA HA HAW!  
OH HO HO!  
HUH-HA!  
HUH-HA!  
HUH HAHHA HA!  
HOO HOO HOO!  
HO HO!  
HA HA HAW!  
--AND IN THE LAST PANEL, DICK IS REALLY STEAMED AND HE'S WALKING OFF WITH SOME LITTLE THOUGHT BUBBLES COMING OUT OF HIS EAR, AND HE'S THINKING:  
--"WOMEN! HOW DO YA' FIGURE 'EM?"



--NOW, IN THE FIRST PANEL THERE, WE SEE LITTLE DEBBIE HUGGY-BUNS TALKING TO ONE OF HER MANY BOYFRIENDS AND DEBBIE SAYS:  
--"OH DICK! YOU'RE SO NEAT! WHY DON'T YOU COME UPSTAIRS AND HAVE A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP WITH ME?"  
--AND THEN DICK SAYS....  
--"GEE DEBBIE! THAT'D BE KEEN!"  
--AND THEN, IN THE NEXT PANEL DICK & DEBBIE ARE WALKING UPSTAIRS, BIG SMILES ON THEIR FACES, AND DICK SAYS...  
--"DEBBIE, ARE YOU MINE, AND ONLY MINE?"  
--THEN DEBBIE SAYS....  
--"DO YOU LOVE MY ATHLETES' FOOT?"  
--HE, HE-- "DO YOU LOVE MY ULCER?" HA HA!  
--HUH, HUH, HOW ABOUT MY TOENAIL FUNGUS? DO YOU LOVE THAAAHA HA HA HA HA HOO HO HO HA HA "DO YOU LOVE MY" HEHE "TOENAIL FUNGUS TOO DEBBIE?" "AMHUM!"  
HUH HUM HUM HUM....



"THEY'RE ALL PUTTING ON COLOGNE, AND YELLING:"  
--"DEBBIE! DEBBIE! MARRY US DEBBIE! TUCK US IN AND PAT OUR HEADS! BAKE US PIES AND SPANK US HARD!"  
--"DEBBIE! DEBBIE! MARRY US DEBBIE! TUCK US IN AND PAT OUR HEADS! BAKE US PIES AND SPANK US HARD!"  
--NOW, IN THE NEXT PANEL WE SEE DICK'S HEAD EXPLODING, HE'S REALLY UPSET, AND DEBBIE HAS A REAL CONFUSED LOOK ON HER FACE, AND SHE'S SAYING  
--"OH DICK! I'M SO CONFUSED, I NEED TO BE ALONE!"



HA HA HAW!  
OH HO HO!  
HUH-HA!  
HUH-HA!  
HUH HAHHA HA!  
HOO HOO HOO!  
HO HO!  
HA HA HAW!  
--AND IN THE LAST PANEL, DICK IS REALLY STEAMED AND HE'S WALKING OFF WITH SOME LITTLE THOUGHT BUBBLES COMING OUT OF HIS EAR, AND HE'S THINKING:  
--"WOMEN! HOW DO YA' FIGURE 'EM?"  
--HUH HUM HUM HUM -- HUH HUM HUM HUM  
--THIS IS--  
--UNCLE GARY, AND--AUNT STEVE, AND THAT'S TONIGHT'S RADIO CARTOON !!!  
--BYE NOW!  
--HA HA HA HA HA! GOOD ONE. HEY, ARE WE STILL ON?  
--BYE NOW!  
--HE HEHEHE HEE! ALRIGHT.  
--HAW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... HIT IT. ANY LONG GRANDS!

## Rugby game baffles writer, cartoonist

When Steve Chalker, Sunflower cartoonist, and I went to the Wichita Rugby Club vs. Oklahoma State University Rugby Club game last weekend, we didn't know quite what to expect.

I talked to a couple of people who played rugby, and they told me it was a rough game. Crushed heads. Broken knees. Scraped elbows. Women crying. It sounded like a war.

When we arrived at Linwood Park Chalker said, "I think the game is about half over."

The first thing I noticed was a rugger from O-State, wandering around with blood dripping from his nose, bumping into trees.

He looked like he had been on the bottom side of a longhorn stampede. Another player was walking him back to the sidelines asking, "Can you hear me. Can you hear me?"

The guy's head just rolled around when he tried to signify yes.

During halftime intermission, there were no bands, no twirlers, no Rugby-ettes showing their underwear. Just a lot of stretching sore muscles, drinking water and discussing mistakes of the first half. There are no time outs or substitutions in rugby.

At the start of the second half, the ball was kicked off, much like the kick-off in a game of football (rugby is football's predecessor, so it made a lot of sense).

I realized then that the ball



was kicked at will. One of the scrums (linemen) told me that there were no limits on kicks.

But no blocking was allowed so the energy of the opposing fifteen players was directed totally towards crushing the man trying to kick the ball. The kicker was on one leg with fifteen maniacs bearing down on him like George Blanda place kicking a blind flamingo.

The head and assistant coaches for the Wichita Rugby Club are from New Zealand. The assistant coach, was walking back and forth in front of our bleachers, very low-keyed dressed in a pair of gym shorts, and carrying a glass of beer, yelling in a New Zealander accent about getting the "bloody thing off the dirt."

He also wanted someone named Jim to either "get up," or get something up.

And they won too. The final score of the game was, Wichita Rugby Club-43; Oklahoma State University Rugby Club-0.

As Chalker and I watched the post-game pep talk, intended to incite the team for a thirty-six team tournament to be held this weekend in Kansas City, we were puzzled by the action we'd seen, and Chalker wondered aloud how we were tricked.

Then I remembered - Rau!

Chalker and I cornered Sunflower News Editor, Marvin Rau outside the CAC, one cold day three weeks ago.

Chalker: "OK, Marvin. We want you to give us a story with some excitement. Not just coverin' these tooty-footy's in SGA."

you don't want to send us to the snake hunt, what do you want us to cover."

Rau: "..."

Chalker: "I think we should lean on his family."

Jennings: "I want some good, healthy, American news with a tendency towards violence. Lots of injury. Destruction. Insanity."

Rau: "..."

Chalker: "I think you should know that I am a close personal friend of Benny da Crusher."

Jennings: "What do you want us to do Marvin? A story about—"

Rau: "..."

Chalker: "I saw on the wall of the fake restaurant upstairs in the CAC that the rugby team's got a



Jennings: "Yeah. We want something even more important than who won last week's 'Spirit Keg.'"

Rau: "..."

Chalker: "We decided we want you to give us the story on the snake hunt in Oklahoma. The one where all the stripper girls buy their pets."

Jennings: "Yeah. I hear every year two or three of the older strippers run through the crowd, screaming like banshees because they can't buy bigger snakes. We could take a human interest point of view. I can see the headlines now; 'BUMPERS BEG FOR BIGGER SNAKES.'"

Rau: "Isn't that in March?"

Chalker: "Wadda ya trin' to do Rau? Stifle our creative juices. I think we should buy him a nice pair of cement overshoes."

Jennings: "All right, damnit. If

game scheduled for this weekend."

Rau: "..."

Jennings: "All right, all right Marvin. Don't push. We'll do the story."

Chalker: "I still think we should have thrown that guy off a bridge."

Jennings: "maybe it's a good thing we didn't do the snake hunt story anyway. I can just see some big cowboy, half drunk on some kind of off-breed whiskey, shoving a seven-foot rattler in our faces."

Chalker: "Maybe we should just break his fingers."

So, that is why we covered the rugby game.

We were through with rugby until one of the ruggers said the post-game party is just as important as the game.







The host team is supposed to buy the visitors all the beer they can drink. The party was at the English Pub, and I don't know if the O-State team drank all they could, but the two teams drank enough to float the Ryder truck they rented to come to Wichita.

Fraternities sing raunchy songs, but no fraternity I ever heard could begin to equal the bawdiness of the ruggers who put risque lyrics to the "Burger King" theme, and "Would you Like to Swing on a Star."

The most amusing business at the Rugby party was a little production called, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

One man stood on a table in the bar and began to tell the story of the wicked witch and her search for Snow White. When the witch finds the small house in the woods, and hides behind a tree, seven naked ruggers, walking on their knees, led by a girl with a slide-whistle, started a procession through the bar. It

was apparently mandatory to throw beer on the private parts of the dwarves. I guess being a dwarf isn't all it's built up to be.

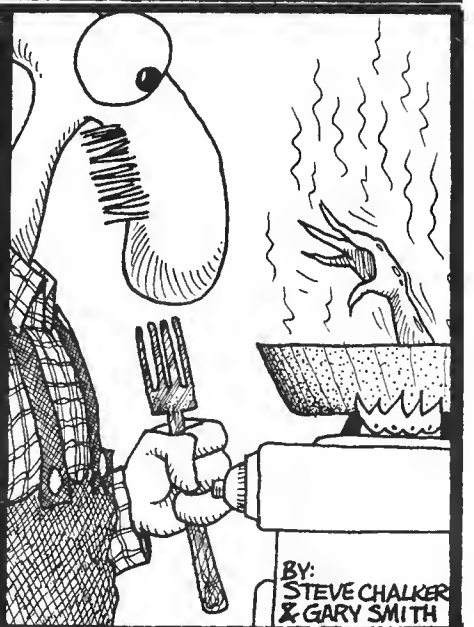
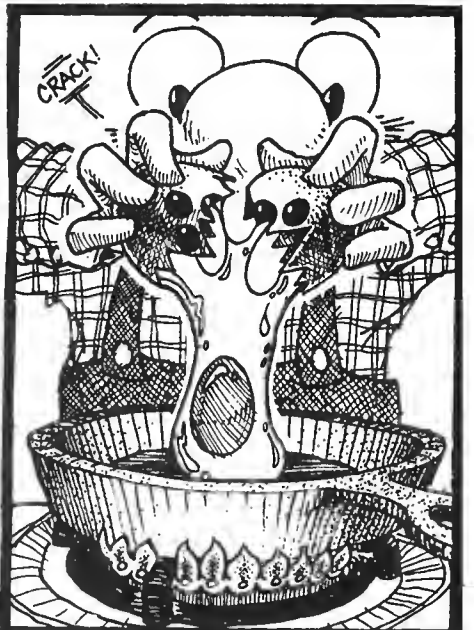
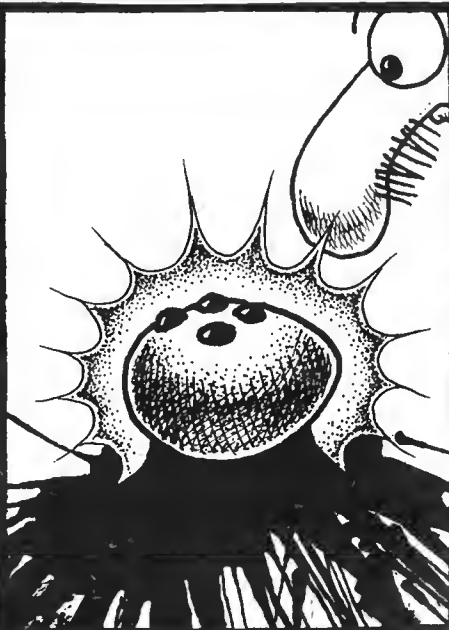
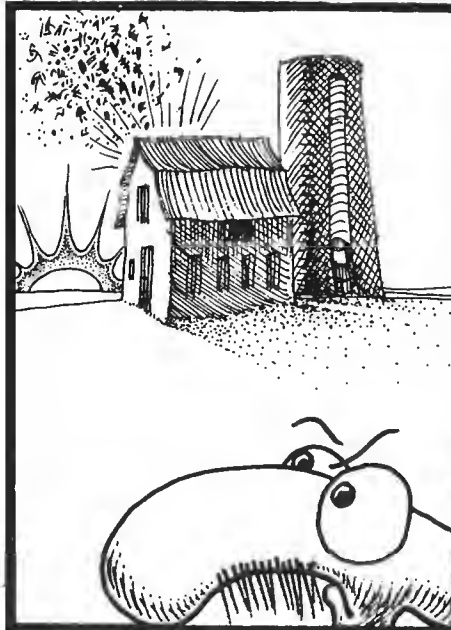
Text by Pat Jennings  
Cartoons by Steve Chalker

Snow White was supposed to be naked too, but the best anyone had seen was one naked from the waist up.

A rugger named Greg Crumley said it was difficult to find a Snow White who would lead the dwarves in her birthday suit.

"She'd have to be the kind of girl that didn't embarrass easily," he said.





BY:  
STEVE CHALKER  
& GARY SMITH

HOWDY.

SIZZLE

